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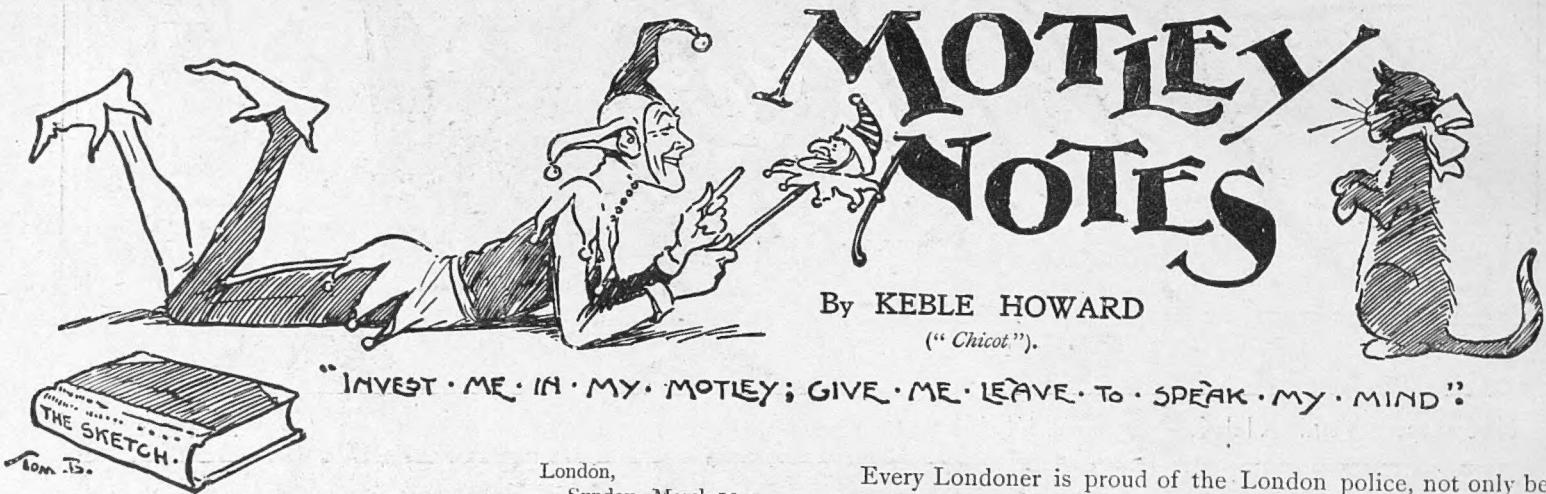
SIXPENCE.



A CHIEF PLAYER IN THE NEXT PRODUCTION AT DALY'S: MISS ADRIENNE AUGARDE,

Who will be one of the two heroines of the English adaptation of M. Messager's "Les P'tites Michus."

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



London,
Sunday, March 12.

SOME people are so unreasonable! Here, for instance, is a writer in the *Lady's Pictorial* asking us to boycott the favourite topic of conversation in any assembly in any country in the world. "It will be a real rest for us all," he says (the writer, we may take it for granted, is a man), "if women and marriage can be left undiscussed for a few years. There is really nothing more to be said about either." Mind you, I don't deny that the gentleman will find supporters. Never yet did anybody bring forward an unreasonable suggestion without finding supporters. Most of us, however, will refuse, stolidly, to adopt the idea. He might as well advise us to leave off talking about the weather; indeed, I myself am beginning to get a little tired of being drawn into an argument with my barber on the subject of the weather. Women and marriage, on the other hand, are always subjects of the deepest interest. Nor is it quite correct to say that there is nothing more to be said about either. As a matter of fact, there is a good deal more to be said, and a good deal more that will be said. I am ready to admit that there is nothing new to be said on these topics. But that doesn't matter. The writer in the *Lady's Pictorial* must remember that everything is worth saying to the man who has never said it before. Listening, after all, is a voluntary act.

Talking of barbers, I don't think I have ever tried to record a "real conversation" in a barber's shop. Here goes, then—

BARBER. Morning, sir. What can I do for you?

CUSTOMER. I want a shave, please.

BARBER. Yes, sir. Not quite so cold this morning, sir.

CUSTOMER. You think not?

BARBER. It didn't seem quite so cold to me as I was coming in on the tram. Razor suit you, sir?

CUSTOMER. Very nice, thank you.

BARBER. No, sir, not quite so cold as it has been. Well, we ought to be getting a bit of decent weather soon.

CUSTOMER. 'M. (A pause.)

BARBER. The Russians seem to be having a warmish time of it, sir.

CUSTOMER. 'M.

BARBER. Wonderful little fellows those Japs by all accounts.

CUSTOMER. 'M. (A pause.)

BARBER. Ever shave yourself, sir?

CUSTOMER. Sometimes.

BARBER. You ought to try one of these little Swedish razors. Uncommonly good steel they are.

CUSTOMER. Oh?

BARBER. Yes, sir. Uncommonly good. The governor bought a lot of them a month or two ago. I've used one myself ever since.

CUSTOMER. 'M.

BARBER. Would you care to take one to try? We can let you have one for four-and-six, sir.

CUSTOMER. Not to-day, thank you.

BARBER. I know you'd be pleased with them, sir.

CUSTOMER. 'M. (A pause.)

BARBER. Warm or cold, sir?

CUSTOMER. Warm, please.

BARBER. Anything on the face, sir. Bay-rum or orange-water?

CUSTOMER. A little bay-rum, please.

BARBER. Thank you, sir. Will that be all to-day?

CUSTOMER. Yes, thanks.

BARBER. Thank you very much, sir. Let me see—did you have an umbrella?

CUSTOMER. No, thank you. Good-morning.

BARBER. Good-morning, sir. Right, Jim!

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

Every Londoner is proud of the London police, not only because they do their duty patiently and fearlessly, but also for the reason that they are such fine men to look at. We all recognise, I think, that the police keep up the average of physical development. Yet the day is coming, I fear, when a constable will be selected for agility rather than weight, for nimbleness rather than dignity. They are being taught, in fact, Ju-jitsu, which is the science of throwing a man twice your weight over his own left shoulder. The Japanese, you know, thought of it first. They had to think of something of the kind, since they were constantly coming in contact with people twice their own weight. (Indeed, at this very moment they are having a game of Ju-jitsu with Russia. I make a present of the notion to the cartoonist of *Punch*.) The London police, on the contrary, never come into contact with people even half as big as themselves. If I cared to make a cheap joke, I would say that they never come into contact with anything, whereas we all know that it is the dray-horse and the prize-fighter who avoid the contact, not the police. When Ju-jitsu has become the fashion, however, the big policeman will cease to exist. Our grandchildren, looking at the pictures of him preserved in bound volumes of *The Sketch*, will exclaim, "Fancy that man alighting all-fours on a burglar's head!"

"Agatha," the new play by Mrs. Humphry Ward produced at a matinée at His Majesty's last Tuesday afternoon, was disappointing. The story was dull, the pathos forced, and the dialogue old-fashioned. There was an enlivening interlude, though, after the second Act. A gentleman came forward to tell us something about the Princess Mary's Village Homes at Addlestone, in aid of which the matinée was given. "We pride ourselves," he said, "on training these girls so thoroughly that they eventually become first-rate domestic servants. As a matter of fact, I only remember one case in which one of our girls was dismissed from her situation, and that was for knocking down her mistress. So far from this act preventing her from obtaining another situation, though, there was quite a keen competition to secure so able a girl, and I have reason to believe that she has been doing excellent work ever since." The audience, though mainly composed of nicely-behaved people who had come together to assist an excellent cause, could not resist the ambiguity. They roared.

According to the Sydney *Bulletin*, the newest humourist is Dr. Henry, of Melbourne. Dr. Henry, it seems, has been getting fun out of the teeth of the rising generation. He has been urging that instruction in mastication should be added to the State school curriculum. The reader will have no difficulty, of course, in picturing to himself the mastication-class. "On the word 'One!' every pupil will raise the bun in the right hand until it is on a level with the mouth. One! (Very good. Keep the hands quite steady. Elbows off the desk.) On the word 'Two!' advance the bun slowly until a small portion of it is inside the mouth. Two! (I didn't say you were to bite it, Brown minor. Take a mark off. Weatherly, I noticed that you jabbed the bun into your mouth instead of advancing it slowly, as I told you.) On the word 'Three!' close the teeth until they meet inside the bun. Three! (Brown minor, you've bitten a piece right out. If I have to speak to you again, you'll write out a hundred times before dinner, 'I must not make a god of my stomach.') On the word 'Four!' remove the bitten portion of the bun from the remainder, and place it carefully, with the aid of the tongue, between the back teeth. Four! (Brown minor, you'd better go out of the room until you can stop coughing.)"

MR. WILLIE EDOUIN IN FOUR NEW RÔLES,



AND OTHER CHARACTERS IN "OFF THE RANK," AT THE STRAND.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Japanese Fifty Years Ago—Putiloff Hill—The Crown Prince's Cook—Clubs and Matrimony—A New Bridge Club.

NEVER before in the history of the world has a battle lasted so many days, never have so many men faced each other to kill or to be killed, as in the great battle round Mukden. It is curious to think that fifty years ago the Islanders of the East, who have taught the nations of the West how a great battle should be fought with modern arms and modern appliances, were scarcely more advanced in the art of warfare than those Normans who invaded this country under William the Conqueror. They used armour, they fought with two-handed swords, and the bow was still a favourite weapon.

Twenty years ago, when I was frequently in Japan and saw something of the Japanese Army, there was no doubt that it was rapidly becoming the equal of European armies in most matters, and surpassing them in some. In Tokio I used to see the non-commissioned officers, the sergeants and the corporals, learning military topography or drawing maps of the castle and the surrounding open spaces. Looking at their work, I saw that it was admirable. Some five or six years after, as a new departure, our War Office decided to allow some British non-com-

missioned officers to learn the mysteries of the prismatic compass and the aneroid barometer. Some of these scholars came through my hands, and, though they were willing enough, they could never equal the Japanese at this work. I have no doubt that all reconnaissance work, all field-telegraph work, and probably all commissariat work, have been better done by the Japanese in this war than by any other nation in any previous campaign.

When the full details of the battle reach us, there will be many picturesque incidents to recount. The fight for Putiloff Hill must have been, I am sure, a grim struggle. It was this hill which stopped the advance of the Japanese after the last great encounter, and its capture was then the one success the Russians could claim in the series of engagements which formed the battle. When both armies had fought almost to a standstill, the Russians under Putiloff captured the hill and some Japanese guns upon it by a counter-attack at night, and though their opponents made desperate efforts then to recapture it, they failed, and it proved the pebble which checked the advancing wheel. The Japanese have been looking longingly at this hill all through the winter months, and the Russians fortified it as strongly as possible, knowing that the Japanese would consider it a point of honour to retake it if possible.

I expect, also, that those four Siberian regiments who went singing



PRINCESS VICTORIA ADELAIDE OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN-SONDERBURG-Glücksburg, ENGAGED TO THE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA.

The engagement of the Princess Victoria Adelaide to the Duke Charles Edward of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha forges yet another link between the Royal Houses of Great Britain and Germany, for the Duke is the King's nephew, and the Princess the German Empress's niece. The bride-elect, who was born on December 21st, 1885, met the young Duke frequently at Potsdam last summer, and the pair were constantly together, riding, boating, or playing tennis.

Photograph by Bieber.

missioned officers to learn the mysteries of the prismatic compass and the aneroid barometer. Some of these scholars came through my hands, and, though they were willing enough, they could never equal the Japanese at this work. I have no doubt that all reconnaissance work, all field-telegraph work, and probably all commissariat work, have been better done by the Japanese in this war than by any other nation in any previous campaign.

M. Skitaletz.



WIELDERS OF THE PEN, AND OF THE SWORD OF REVOLUTION: RUSSIAN LITERARY MEN WHO ARE FIGHTING FOR THE LIBERTY OF THEIR COUNTRYMEN.

The Moscow police raided the house of the Russian author, M. Leonid Andrejew, soon after the assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius, and arrested seventeen literary men, including, in addition to M. Andrejew, M. Chirikoff and M. Skitaletz. Even before this, quite a number of the authors in St. Petersburg and Warsaw, whose work was supposed to show revolutionary tendencies had been imprisoned; and the arrest of Gorky is common knowledge.

Photograph by K. Fischer.

and with bands playing into battle against Nogi's veterans of the Port Arthur siege, and who for a time turned the tide of battle, must have had many old scores to wipe out. Men do not rejoice at going to certain death as these men did unless they are uplifted by some emotion, patriotism or revenge, which is stronger than the fear of death.

The German Crown Prince is showing greater wisdom than might have been expected from a Princeling of his years, for he has sent the cook who is to rule the roast in his kitchen when he marries into the kitchen of his mother-in-law-who-is-to-be, to study the taste in food of the future Crown Princess. I believe that marriage would lose half its terrors to us bachelors if the reverse process to this were adopted, and a man, after he had led a blushing bride to the altar, had not to look forward to many months of telling his wife what he likes to eat and drink, which information has to be passed on to the new cook.

No doubt it is because a bachelor is made so comfortable in his Clubs and in the restaurants that he fears to face the unknown in the form of a plain-cook controlled by a young lady with scant knowledge of housewifery. The increase of Clubs is a sure sign that the marriage-market is in a depressed condition. Of course, there are exceptions to this, as to all other rules, for on the day when I read of twelve "Society" weddings having

M. Gorky.



A PLAY-WRITING JUDGE: HIS HONOUR JUDGE PARRY, PART-AUTHOR OF "WHILE THE CAT'S AWAY."

Judge Parry, of the Manchester County Court, who collaborated with Mr. Frederick Mouillet in the comedy-farce, "While the Cat's Away," recently produced at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, had previously tried his hand at play-writing, and with some success. Together with Mr. Louis Calvert, he wrote "England's Elizabeth," presented at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, in 1901, and, with the same co-worker, he was responsible for the dramatic version of "Katawampus," given at the Prince of Wales's.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

taken place, I was asked to join two new and, no doubt, very smart Clubs.

It is one of the curiosities of modern life that Clubs established for people who have especial tastes in common are so much on the increase. Five years ago the success of a Bridge Club, at which ladies and men would meet to play that game for moderate points, would have been pronounced impossible by most Clubmen. Almack's Club, founded on these lines, has been so successful that it has had to enlarge its accommodation, and the New Bridge Club, a rival, has been started with every prospect of being as successful as the older establishment.

Half-a-century ago, a man-about-town belonged at most to two Clubs. The ordinary upper middle-class citizen belonged, as a rule, to only one, and even to do that was still considered rather rakish, for the "Club" was the subject of many jokes in the comic papers, and the valentines—for valentines still existed then—made fun of the gentleman coming home from his Club. Nowadays, a man who is really Clubbable has the Club of his profession on his cards, and is a member as well of some purely social Club. Probably he also belongs to a Bridge Club, to a Yacht Club, to a Supper Club, to one of the Playgoers' Clubs, to a Golf Club, to one or two Racing Clubs, to his County Club, to the new English Club in Paris, and very likely to half-a-dozen more of various descriptions.

THE NEW PLAYHOUSE FOR MR. SEYMOUR HICKS AND MISS ELLALINE TERRISS.



THE HICKS THEATRE, AS IT WILL BE WHEN COMPLETED.

The Hicks Theatre, to be erected at the corner of Aldwych and Kingsway, will, it is anticipated, be opened at the end of December next, or in January of next year, when the popular actor who gives it its name and Miss Ellaline Terriss will appear in "The Beauty of Bath," a new musical play written by Mr. Hicks and Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, and suggested by "David Garrick." A new fairy-play will form the afternoon bill. The theatre, of which Mr. W. G. R. Sprague is architect, has been leased to Mr. Charles Frohman for three years, and is being built under the supervision of Mr. Marler, of Waring and Gillow's.

By Courtesy of Messrs. W. G. R. Sprague and A. Knowles. Photograph by Messrs. Bedford Lemere and Co.

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A POPULAR KENTISH HOSTESS: THE HON. MRS. ALGERNON GROSVENOR.

Mrs. Grosvenor, whose reputation as a hostess, political and otherwise, is well known, is an amateur actress of distinction, and figured in the War-tableaux organised by Mrs. Arthur Paget.

Photograph by Thomson.

charitable institutions founded by her sister Queen, and she will also see the more mundane sights of the town, which, almost alone among modern capitals, retains all its mediaeval charm and quaintness.

Queen's Shamrock for the Guards. As usual, there is to be regal recognition of St. Patrick's Day, and Her Majesty has intimated that she will again present the shamrock to be worn by the officers and men of the Irish Guards on Friday next. The distribution, which will take place at a parade of the battalion at Chelsea Barracks, where it is now quartered, will probably be attended by Lord Roberts, the Colonel of the regiment.

A Popular Kentish Hostess. The Grosvenor clan is one of the largest, if not the largest, connected with the British aristocracy, and the fine old name is shared by two Peers—his Grace of Westminster and Lord



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO LISBON: THE NECESSIDADES PALACE, WHERE HER MAJESTY WILL STAY.

During her visit to Lisbon, the Queen will occupy a delightful suite of rooms in the Necessidades Palace, which will thus be not only the centre of Her Majesty's semi-official visits, but of the numerous trips she is expected to make into the capital, and to the many hospitals and other charitable institutions founded by Queen Amélie.

Photograph by Bocchini.

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE QUEEN will receive a very warm welcome in Lisbon, where a delightful suite of rooms has been prepared for her in the Necessidades Palace. As a girl, Queen Marie Amélie was much with the then Prince and Princess of Wales. She helped to do the honours of the Château d'Eu on the occasion of the marriage there of Prince Waldemar of Denmark and Princess Marie of Chartres, and both King Edward and Queen Alexandra are attached to her and to King Carlos. During her stay in Lisbon, our Queen will visit the many hospitals and other

Ebury. Mrs. Algernon Grosvenor is the wife of Lord Ebury's brother, and she is one of the most popular of Kentish hostesses. As a girl, she was much in political society, for her father was that veteran "M.P." the late Sir John Simeon.

A Royal Mother-in-Law Elect. The repeated postponement of the German Crown Prince's marriage may be due to the Emperor's mother-in-law to be was born a Russian Grand Duchess, and is closely connected with the Czar and Czarina. The Grand

Duchess Anastasia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is the only sister of the Grand Duke Michael; she is devoted to him and to his charming wife, the Countess Torby, and they settled at Cannes partly to be near her, for, by a curious irony of fate, the young Princess who will one day be German Empress has spent much of her young life in Republican and anti-Prussian France.

THE FUTURE MOTHER-IN-LAW OF THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE: THE GRAND DUCHESS ANASTASIA OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.

The Grand Duchess is the only sister of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia. It is amusing to note that at the present moment the German Crown Prince's chef, Herr Neumann, is at Cannes, engaged in studying the cuisine to which the future Crown Princess is accustomed. So closely is the future Kaiser studying the tastes of the future Kaiserin.

Photograph by Otto.

Bill providing for the compulsory insurance against the risks and accidents of their calling; especially in the North Sea. Surely the one action is not dependent on the other?



A ROMANTIC WEDDING:
LADY BAIRD (NÉE CONSTANCE CLARKE).

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

devotion to the sea was remembered by numbers of their friends, who presented them with many delightful yacht-fittings.

Royally and the
Riviera.

When the Mediterranean littoral is enjoying a good season—such a one as has fallen to its lot this year, despite the very cold weather of a few weeks ago—there is always a rumour that King Edward or the Kaiser, or both, will be among the visitors. This season the rumour has arrived early, and credits the monarchs with the intention of meeting in the domains of the Prince of Monaco. Even supposing that the rumour is destined to share the fate of its predecessors, it must be admitted that very many Royal personages are on the littoral already, or are departing for it from climes to which February and March come unkindly. Two Russian Grand Dukes are at Nice, where, doubtless, they eat, drink, and are merry. The Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg, who should be German Empress some day, is at Cannes. There, too, is the widower Prince of the Asturias, who may yet be King of Spain, and Don Jaime, son of Don Carlos, is expected shortly from service in the field with Russia's Army. Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, before coming over here, sought some rest from the cares of State at his mother's villa between Cap Martin and Mentone, in company with his brother and son; and the King of Württemberg is at Cap Martin. The Empress Eugénie is on her way to her beautiful Mentone villa, if she has not reached it already, and among those who have just gone or are about to arrive are General Louis Bonaparte and the Prince of Montenegro.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, or those officials acting for them, have lost little time in mapping out their forthcoming tour of India. Every day's programme—from the King's birthday, 9th Nov., when they

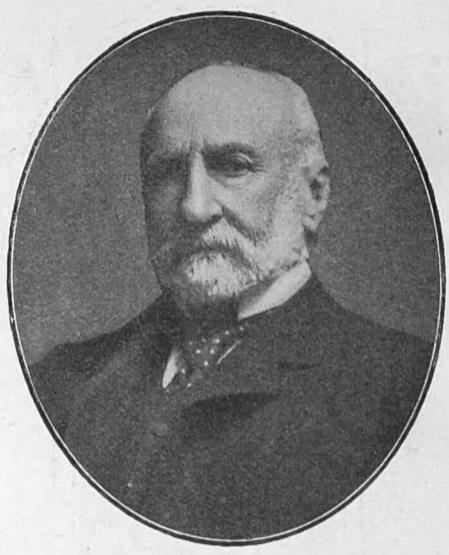
A Romantic
Wedding.

Admiral Sir John Baird's wedding brought together a wonderful assembly of gallant sea-dogs at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and amongst those who came to wish their comrade the best of good luck in his married life was Sir John Burgoyne. Lady Baird—who was Miss Constance Clarke, a well-known member of the nursing world—wore a gown symbolic of her bridegroom's profession, for it was made of opalescent silk, the general effect produced being the green and blue of the sea-wave! The happy pair, who were given close on five hundred gifts, are enjoying a yachting honeymoon, and their

will embark at Portsmouth on the battleship *Renown*, to the date of their return—is said to have been more or less definitely arranged, and it is believed that the Prince will inspect the vessel upon which he is to journey at the end of the month. An interesting social rumour is current that Lady Mary Lygon will accompany the Princess, although she is to marry Captain Forbes-Trefusis in May.

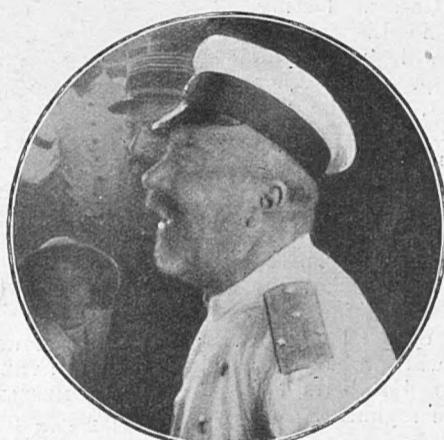
The Safety of
Dr. Charcot.

So Dr. Jean Dr. Charcot is safe after all, and those pessimists who prophesied his death have shown themselves to have had less cause for their fears than the optimists who gave the explorer another month had for their hopes. As a matter of fact, nothing very serious happened to the expedition during its fourteen months' absence in the Antarctic regions. Terrific storms rendered the neighbourhood of Verano extremely treacherous, and on one occasion the *Français* struck a reef and developed a bad leak, but nothing worse. On the other hand, it is known, although Dr. Charcot prefers to withhold geographical details for the moment, that the greater part of the work was carried out under comparatively comfortable conditions, that a number of hitherto unknown parts of Graham Land were visited, that the whole external coast-line of the Palmer Archipelago was mapped out, and that the question of Bismarck Strait was settled by the passage of a party through it. Both officers and crew are reported to be in good health.



A ROMANTIC WEDDING:
ADMIRAL SIR JOHN BAIRD, WHO HAS JUST
MARRIED MISS CONSTANCE CLARKE.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.



"PLEAS'D? YES, I'M PLEASED WITH EVERYTHING—
EXCEPT THE FALL."

political controversy seven years ago.

Ruler of the
Navy.

From the Chairmanship of the Great Western Railway, Earl Cawdor has passed to the First Lordship of the Admiralty. He has never held any other office in Government, and, although he was a well-known member of the House of Commons, he has taken very little part in since he succeeded to the Peerage some Business efficiency is his recommendation.

He has been exceedingly successful at the head of the Great Western and is relied upon to maintain the Selborne efficiency in the Navy. Evidently the Prime Minister does not share the fashionable—or, should one say, Oslerian?—prejudice against men who are nearing sixty, for Lord Cawdor is fifty-eight. He is descended from the Campbells, and has a seat, Cawdor Castle, in the North of Scotland, but his interests lie largely in the South of Wales.



"WHAT'S THAT?"



"JAPANESE DEFEATED!"



"GOOD, VERY GOOD!"

GENERAL STOESSEL, THE DEFENDER OF PORT ARTHUR, LEARNS OF A JAPANESE CHECK ON HIS ARRIVAL AT ADEN, AND IS, APPROPRIATELY, PLEASED: STUDIES IN EXPRESSION.

From photographs taken on board the "Australien" by L. Sabattier, the Special Correspondent of the "Illustrated London News."



THE KING'S LATEST ROYAL GUEST:
PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA.
Photograph by Pietzner.

Prince Ferdinand. The Bulgarians are amongst the firmest believers in the wisdom of the Biblical advice, "Put not your trust in Princes," and, as a consequence, the lot of their ruler must be said to resemble that of the Gilbertian policeman—it is not a happy one. Yet, he himself probably feels it less than many might argue from his closely-guarded fortress-home at Euxinograd, for he is, without doubt, a strong man, and since the murdered Stambuloff placed him upon the throne there has come a very marked change not only in the exterior but in the interior of his country. Six or seven months ago, the Emperor of Austria gave him special audience, after having refused to recognise him shortly before; the Czar, on whose account Prince Boris was "converted" to Orthodoxy in 1896, has received him; Germany recently realised that he was a man with whom treaties might be made; and now King Edward honours him. Personally, the Prince is a gentleman of amiable character and of artistic tastes, a doctor, an artist, a musician, and a noted ornithologist. He is quite a near kinsman of our King, for the House of Saxe-Coburg, which gave a Prince Consort to this country, and had, ten years before that, given a

King to Belgium, also gave a Prince of Bulgaria in 1887. His Royal Highness's visit is said to be without political importance, and to have been undertaken solely in recognition of the fact that his country is now represented here by Bulgarian Agencies, which is as may be. Germany and Italy have extended a similar courtesy, and it is likely that they will next be visited.

Lady Marjorie Manners.

The young daughter of Lord and Lady Granby has inherited her mother's remarkable artistic gifts, and devotes far more time to drawing and painting than do any of her contemporaries. Of late she has been taking prominent part in quite a number of charitable functions.

The New "K.T." Ronald Ruthven Leslie-Melville, eleventh Earl of Leven and tenth of Melville, the new Knight of the Thistle, can claim to be a Representative Peer of Scotland in more senses than one, for he counts a number of distinguished Scots amongst his forbears. On the Melville side are Galfrid de Maleville, the first Scottish Judge of whom there is a record, the Sir John de Melville who was part-engineer of the match between Queen Margaret and Prince Edward of England in 1296, and a Master-General of the Ordnance under James V. who was unfortunate enough to be tried for treason and executed; the Leven branch includes the Leslys, Earls of Rothes,



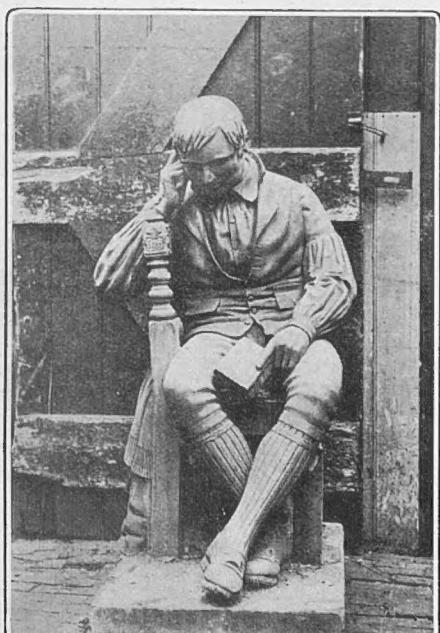
THE NEW KNIGHT OF THE THISTLE:
THE EARL OF LEVEN AND MELVILLE.
Photograph by Maull and Fox.



A SOCIETY AMATEUR ARTIST:
LADY MARJORIE MANNERS.
Photograph by Thomson.

incongruous at Cremorne. The fine lawlessness of "The Jolly Beggars" would have come nearer the mark, but no doubt the appearance of the statues at the famous pleasure-ground was fortuitous: unless they were introduced with studiously moral intent. Their destination is now America, where, probably, they will continue Burns's work of advertising John Barleycorn.

A Substitute for the "Agony" Column. The Shy Ladies and Silent Worshippers of this prosaic yet romantic world need no longer spend the capital that should be destined for the mysterious art of furnishing in the provision of "Agonies" for our dailies: the Great Central Railway Company, proudly conscious of the fact that a railway-station, if not theirs, was the place selected for the lovers' meeting, has decided to come to the aid of those similarly situated. With this object, public message-boards are exhibited on the platforms at certain centres, and Edwin and Angela can now carry on their correspondence "c/o the Station-master." Why, however, restrict the innovation to Marylebone, Leicester, Nottingham, Sheffield, Grimsby Town, and London Road, Manchester? Are there not towns all along the line?

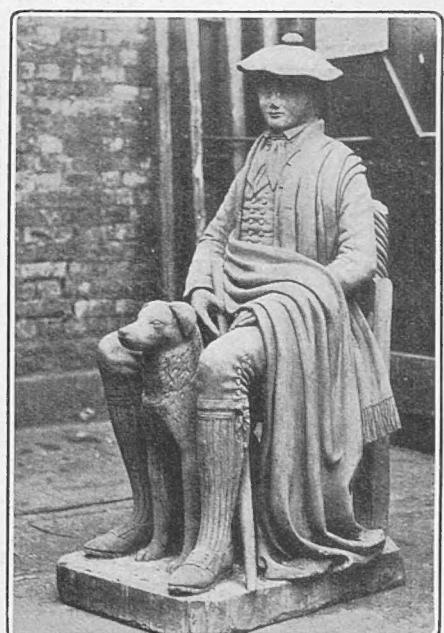


A BURNS STATUE FROM THE CREMORNE GARDENS FOR AMERICA.

one of whom was the famous soldier who took Newcastle at the head of the Covenanters. Lord Leven and Melville himself has represented Queen Victoria and the King as High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland for seven consecutive years.

Robert Burns at Cremorne.

The presence of Robert Burns's effigy at Cremorne Gardens was, perhaps, in itself hardly incongruous, for the Bard was, if anything, a man of pleasure, but why one of his presents should have been in the character, it is said, of the pious father in "The Cottar's Saturday Night" only the management knew. The two pieces of sculpture that Sir Thomas Dewar has just purchased are not the work of a Praxiteles, and the scoffer who was in doubt as to the material might safely describe them as wooden, despite the matchless fidelity of the poet's ribbed stockings. If the *habitués* of Cremorne paid the images any attention at all, they possibly imagined that Burns was at once a pietist and a sportsman, but that the two aspects of his character were so carefully distinguished that the conscientious sculptor had perforce to make two images whereby to body forth the whole man. As a matter of fact, Burns was neither the one nor the other, and his artificial "Cottar's Saturday Night" is as much out of place in his poetry as any representation of it was



A BURNS STATUE FROM THE CREMORNE GARDENS FOR AMERICA.

French Artists Masquerading in Aid of a Charity. "Good-bye! Write to us, won't you?" And with this typically bourgeois leave-taking—for bourgeois Paris bids a fond farewell when setting out upon no matter how short an excursion—M. Prud'homme, accompanied by other Parisians of 1830, climbed into the canary-coloured diligence which was to take them down to Paris from Montmartre. The trip was an idea of several well-known humourists and artists who, were they Londoners, would doubtless be members of the Sketch Club. Thinking that, in these days of Carnival, a pleasant and picturesque jest would be most likely to appeal to hearts and pockets in favour of the less fortunate among their artistic brethren, they bought an old coach which used to run from Paris down to Lyons seventy-odd years ago, repainted it and made it smart again, and, dressed in the peculiar costume which the brush and pencil of Gavarni have made famous, drove through the streets, along the Boulevards, and visited the newspaper offices, where they announced a costume-ball to be held in some weeks' time in aid of the Poor Artists' Fund. M. Neumont, a well-known black-and-white artist, whose speciality is horses, acted as postillion; there were some twelve or fourteen merrymakers in the diligence itself, and behind it ran a quaint "ridicule," or "cabriolet," in which sat two more masques. Needless to say, the crowds who were out fêting the "Semaine Gras" gave the canary-coloured coach a riotous reception.

Winston Churchill (N.P.). The meaning of the letters "N.P." which "our future Premier" has placed against his name in "Parliamentary Companion," is the cause of considerable serious and sarcastic speculation. "Nationalist Progressive" and "No Protectionist" were the first suggestions; "No Party" is doubtless the correct solution, but there are those who are unkind enough to argue in favour of "Nobly Pushing," "Non Possumus," "Never Pleased," and "Nearly Papa."

The late Mr. Reuben Sassoon. Clubland, Clubland's place of amusement, the racecourse, and Clubland's week-end resort, Brighton, have lost one of their familiars in Mr. Reuben Sassoon, and the King one of his oldest and closest friends. When Prince of Wales, His Majesty frequently honoured Mr. Sassoon by visiting him at London-by-the-Sea, and it was on the last occasion, nine years ago, that he laid the

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A FRENCH ARTIST MASQUERADE IN AID OF A CHARITY: M. NEUMONT AS A POSTILLION.

Photograph by Biard.

also visit St. Cyr and inspect the cadets. As for the official festivities, there will be a representation at the Opera, and a dinner at the Elysée and another at the Ministry for Foreign Affairs. This is the programme as it is sketched at present, but further additions will be made before Paris welcomes her Royal guest.

King Alfonso and Motor-Cars. Everyone has now heard of the stopping of the

King of Spain by his own

police for exceeding the legal limit in his motor-car. The Ministry and the Spaniards in general seem to think that His Majesty will meet with an accident some day if he drives so fast, and it is solemnly put forward as a reason for his early marriage that if he has a wife he will not be so reckless in his driving. But the King has a reason for his motor excursions, for he is studying the advantages of the delivery of letters by motor-car, and has come to the conclusion that by sending letters by train only to the

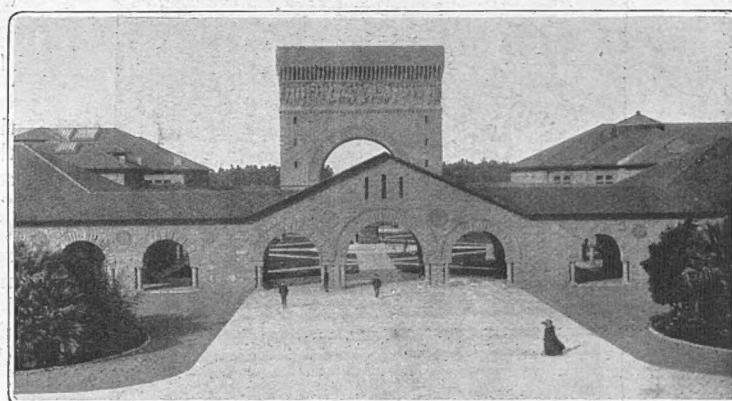
big towns, and then distributing them to the small towns and villages by motor-car, a great saving of time will be made. It is calculated that a letter to the provinces which it takes five hours to deliver by train could be delivered in two hours by motor-car.

An Historic Ink-bottle.

When the Czar was about to sign the recent Rescript, it was discovered that there was neither pen nor ink in the room. The Ministers were most anxious that His Majesty should sign it at once, for they feared that if M. Pobiedonostseff came to hear of it in time he would prevent the affixing of the Royal signature. M. Manukhin, therefore, went into the next room, and found a pen and ink, with which the Czar signed what, it is hoped, will prove the beginning of a Constitution for Russia. The Minister kept the pen and ink, which he expects will one day be ranked with those which Alexander II. used on Feb. 19, 1861, when he agreed to the liberation of the serfs.

Mr. Wanklyn. A mild sensa-

tion has been caused in the House of Commons by Mr. Wanklyn's revelation of a political "plot," in which Mr. Winston Churchill was alleged to be the leading figure. Mr. Wanklyn represents a Division of Bradford and advocates what he calls practical politics. He does not occupy much time in debate, but he is celebrated as a crystalliser of Party controversy. He is a merchant in the South American trade.



THE HONOLULU MYSTERY: THE MEMORIAL ARCH OF THE STANFORD UNIVERSITY, FOUNDED BY MRS. JANE STANFORD'S HUSBAND.

The sudden death of the eccentric and extremely wealthy Mrs. Jane Stanford at Honolulu led to rumours that she had died of strichnine poisoning, but her American relatives speedily denied this theory, and stated that Mrs. Stanford, who was eighty years of age, was subject to hallucinations, and especially to the belief that there was a plot against her life. Her husband, the late Senator, founded the University that bears his name. This institution was erected in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Stanford's son, and, altogether, it has cost the family something like six millions. One of the finest Universities in the world, its scope ranges from the Kindergarten stage to the most advanced instruction that can be given. In addition to academic studies, such utilitarian subjects as telegraphy and farming are taught. The education is free, and the pupils can live at the University for a very small sum.

Photograph by H. J. Shepstone.

foundation-stone of the out-patients' department of the Sussex County Hospital. Mr. Sassoon, who was, of course, a son of Mr. David Sassoon, of the wealthy merchant-house in Bombay, was a member of the Fourth Class of the Victorian Order.

The King of Spain in France. The

King of Spain will spend about a week in Paris, and his visit will be almost entirely a military one, in accordance with his special wish. Thus, he will go to the camp at Chalons, where he will watch the instruction in shooting, in which he takes a great interest. In all probability, he will

Anatole France "At Home."

has two gentle manias, one for collecting unconsidered trifles of greater or lesser artistic value (in which he is at one with the late Emile Zola), the other for a somewhat high-falutin'—pardon the word—style in ordinary conversation. While the writer of an article on him in the *Revue* was chatting with him about his curios, another person entered. "Alas!" cried M. France, "alas, you are indeed a man of terror! You enter unannounced, and, like the Roman chariots of old, armed with your scythes." The last arrival was the barber.



THE REVEALER OF THE WINSTON CHURCHILL "PLOT":

MR. JAMES L. WANKLYN, M.P.

Photograph by Franklin.



THE DEATH OF AN INTIMATE FRIEND OF THE KING:

THE LATE MR. REUBEN SASSOON.

Photograph by Dickinsons.

"MR. HOPKINSON," AT WYNDHAM'S.

Photographs by the Stage Pictorial Publishing Company.



Samuel Hopkinson, the twentieth-century Tittlebat Titmouse, is the possessor of forty thousand a year, of a desire to enter Society and to marry a title, and of a mild past. The first item leads him to the partial attainment of the second; the last proves an obstacle. The Earl of Addleton's daughter, Lady Thyra Egglesby, is under the care of the smartly penurious Duke and Duchess of Braceborough, who have been charged to find her a husband whose moral antecedents must be as perfect as his wealth must be great. Hopkinson is introduced by the Hon. Otho Dursingham, and the Duchess accepts him in desperation as the husband she has been seeking for Lady Thyra. Lady Thyra herself, attracted solely by the money, agrees to marry Hopkinson, who is duly elated. Then, enter the cause of Titmouse the Second's past; Eliza Dibb, with whom he flirted before his sudden accession to wealth, and who, by an unlucky chance, has been engaged as lady's-maid to the bride-elect. The unfortunate coincidence notwithstanding, all appears to go well until the morning of the wedding, when, as the marriage-settlement is about to be signed, the prim Miss Dibb appears and announces that she is a just cause and impediment, but that she will for ever hold her peace for the sum of £5000. Hopkinson, who has ingrained in him the economical habits of a long train of ancestors who have had to look at every farthing, is mean to the last degree—so mean, indeed, that, when this demand is made, he contrives that he shall pay half of the bribe and his future father-in-law the other half. Meantime, Lady Thyra has grown weary of the caddish ex-warehouseman, and has run off with Lord Gawthorpe and married him. Thus, at the end, Hopkinson finds himself without a bride, and is left to think over Eliza Dibb's proposal: "Don't you think you had better marry me now, Sammy; I've come into money?"

MY MORNING PAPER. ♦ By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

A FRIEND sends me from Rome a little story about the Pope. Years ago, before the time when His Holiness, then plain Giuseppe Sarto, had reached the position of Patriarch of Venice, he was in the habit of hiring a gondola and taking a little air upon the water. His choice fell always upon one gondolier, and he took some interest in the man, who was very honest and intelligent, and tried to persuade him to join the Church. "Who knows," he said more than once, "how you might rise in the great service?" Gondolier and priest remained friends, and at last Giuseppe Sarto was chosen from the College of Cardinals to fill the highest position of the Church. A month ago, the gondolier went to Rome and sought an interview with his former patron. The application was granted readily, and the Venetian seaman expressed his delight with the honours that had fallen to his employer. "Do not speak like that," said the Pope, very deeply moved, "for in

gaining the



MRS. HUMPHRY WARD,

Who is part-author of "Agatha," just produced at His Majesty's, and whose new novel, "The Marriage of William Ashe," was published on Thursday of last week.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

Vatican: I have lost my Venice." It is well known that Pius X. loves Venice with the intensity of emotion that the city has bred in many great minds, and not even the thousand-roomed Palace of the Vatican can turn his thoughts from the city in which he wrought so honourably and enjoyed so large a measure of freedom.

Arbor Day. I am pleased to read of an attempt to establish an Arbor Day in this country. Now that the overwhelming importance of forestry is being recognised, and even the man in the street is learning to understand that the earth may not be denuded of its trees without disastrous results to mankind, it is reasonable to suppose that the idea will find support. The United States have an Arbor Day, when young and old go out in parties and plant trees; many millions of saplings are springing up throughout the States to-day in response to the work of this wise Institution. The Irish Forestry League, founded by the late Dr. Cooper, of Wimpole Street, has already done something to add to the beauties of Phoenix Park, and some of the big-hearted Irishman's friends are hoping to speed the growth of the movement by establishing an English branch of the League. Few people realise how badly these islands have suffered from the persistence of the tree-cutter. Even some tree-loving birds are more sensible than men, and are known to plant acorns in the woods. But man, in England at least, holds that trees were sent to be cut down without discrimination. While Europe and America have forestry laws and Arbor Days, the Englishman continues to take his axe with him when he visits the woods and hedgerows, and declares that timber has a market.

Spring in London. I do not think that even the most case-hardened and careworn Londoner can quite overlook the advent of the spring. Even in the quiet City squares and forgotten churchyards, where trees, flowers, and shrubs grow furtively with the fear of smoke and soot before their tender buds, there are signs of new life stirring. Where the world of greenery is still in doubt, the birds are quite ready to give any assurance required. The London sparrow is exceedingly saucy just now, and his song is as full as it ever will be. Pigeons, too, protected from the boy in the street and the more damaging assaults of the City's Medical Officer, are quite confident that the winter of their discontent is over and gone. In the Guildhall Yard, on the lawns of the British Museum, in the Temple, and the gardens of Lincoln's and Gray's Inn they move with a new life. In Fountain Court, where they meet the sparrows for a friendly bath, one sees signs of the bright plumage that belongs to the changing year. I watched the birds enjoying their wash the other morning, at a moment when some welcome sunlight lent added beauty to the Middle Temple Hall and gardens, and I realised that even the sparrow is not so black as London paints him. By the fountain an old and tattered wayfarer paused for a moment to watch the birds' ablutions with amused contempt. I felt that he, too, was glad because of winter's passing, and sorry that the birds wasted so fine an hour.

At Covent Garden. Last week, on Shrove Tuesday night, I left my train, went to Covent Garden, and helped to bring the number of visitors to the Fancy-Dress Ball to the second thousand. As I sat at my ease in a friend's box, looking down upon a scene that was quite Continental in its colour and gaiety, somebody



MR. G. K. CHESTERTON,

Whose new book, dealing with the amazing adventures of the members of "The Club of Queer Trades," was published on Thursday of last week.

Photograph by E. H. Mills.

to himself; now, he has given the law almost as hard a knock as it gave him, has tapped our difficult Treasury to an extent that is quite wonderful, seeing how reluctant it is to part with the root of all evil, and was free to participate in an occasion of exceptional brilliance. So great was the crush that, while the Ball was to be the last of the season, before it was over another was announced for Boat-Race night.

PAINTINGS BY ROYAL ARTISTS ON EXHIBITION IN PARIS.

PICTURES FROM THE AMATEUR ART COLLECTION ON VIEW IN THE "VILLE LUMIÈRE."

Seven Photographs by Branger.

MUSHROOMS AND FILBERTS, BY PRINCESS WALDEMAR OF DENMARK.



A STILL-LIFE STUDY, BY PRINCESS WALDEMAR OF DENMARK.



AN INTERIOR, BY THE COUNTESS OF COSSI-BRISAC.



A FAN, PAINTED BY THE DUCHESS OF VENDÔME.



A COPY OF A FRESCO ON THE STAIRCASE OF THE PALACE OF VILLA VICOSA, BY THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.



AN OLD WOMAN AND THIEVISH BOYS, BY PRINCESS WALDEMAR OF DENMARK.



A LANDSCAPE, BY THE COUNTESS OF FLANDERS.



"NEAR ALEMTEJO," BY THE KING OF PORTUGAL.

It has become quite a usual thing for the smaller Art Galleries of Paris to number reigning monarchs and their consorts amongst their exhibitors, and at the last Spring Salon the Queen of Roumania, who, as Carmen Sylva, is well known in the world of letters, showed some lovely paintings and art-jewellery of her design. At an amateur art collection now on view in the "Ville Lumière," the King and Queen of Portugal are well represented, and, in addition to their work, there are several pictures on the line by Princess Waldemar of Denmark, the Duchess of Chartres, the Duchess of Vendôme, and others who, if not crowned heads or consorts of a reigning King, are members of the Royal Families of Europe. Princess Waldemar (one of the Orleans family) is by no means an ordinary amateur, and the small talk of the Boulevards has it that next year she intends to favour Paris with a "one-man" show.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE MONKEY'S PAW" AND "AGATHA."

IT has been suggested that "The Monkey's Paw," the one-Act piece of Messrs. Jacobs and Parker, is rather too horrible for our over-active nerves. One can push delicacy of feeling a little too far, and the "jim-jams" caused by the play will not do harm to anybody, even if they cause a nightmare or so to the people who go on afterwards to one of the costly little suppers unthought of by playgoers of twenty years ago. Certainly, if the advertisement pictures of the *artistes capillaires* indicate a thriving industry, it will not cause "each-particular-hair-to stand on end" in the case of all members of the audience. It is a grim, grueosome little play with a moral not pressed too strongly, and causes an agreeable shudder, wherefore it served capitally as a prelude to the frank, honest humours of "Beauty and the Barge." Mr. Cyril Maude was as much at home in the pathetic humours of the man who acquires the fatal monkey's paw as in the part of Captain Barley—what more can be said? Miss Bella Pateman played powerfully as his unhappy wife. Mr. Edmund Maurice gave a capital character-study of the old Sergeant.

The combination of Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. L. N. Parker in "Agatha" seemed likely to produce a notable work. We were all anxious for the success of a lady with a distinguished career as a novelist whose first stage work, "Eleanor," was promising if not satisfactory. The negative virtues are, perhaps, more prominent in the new work than in its predecessor, but it cannot be said with confidence that Mrs. Humphry Ward has conquered the stage. It is not easy to say exactly for what reason "Agatha" fails to be altogether satisfying. One may assert, without hesitation, that the dialogue in most scenes is appropriate to the persons of the play, and also that in one or two characters—notably, the chief—a considerable amount of truth and observation is exhibited, yet the play, though of no great length, drags a little. It is conceivable that there

absence of the term is suggestive. One notices that the authors follow the modern—or rather, the revived—fashion of severely concentrating the interest in one subject and a few characters. The policy is admirable from an artistic point of view, but very dangerous. There are some purely auxiliary characters, intended, no doubt, to give a note of comedy relief—I durst not use the term "comic relief." Their efforts, however, are by no means successful. Something might have come of the humours of contrasting an impressionist artist with his brother, a painter orthodox in method, but nothing of importance did, save the one neat line of the piece, the sarcastic question, "Who painted that Rembrandt?" Indeed, the little artistic group was rather puzzling, because it threatened to play a big part in the piece and left the threat unfulfilled. Condensation is required, and, in particular, curtailment of a dialogue, natural, as a rule; but not pruned sufficiently to have enough light and shade, wherefore some of the scenes were rather tedious: we knew what was coming, and wanted to get to it and have done with it.

Miss Viola Tree's performance as the heroine is certainly remarkable for an actress of her comparative inexperience, since the part is complex as well as very long; in fairness to the authors, one may add that it is drawn admirably. Her acting was best in the strongest scenes, and showed that she possesses power as well as cleverness: it would, however, be foolish to pretend that in the less emotional passages she exhibited the quiet variety possible or that she has fully mastered the difficulties of getting about the stage and posing naturally. Still, she may be congratulated upon

making rapid progress. Miss Lillah McCarthy, as the guilty, remorseful mother, played in excellent style and with great charm: the alleged difficulty in finding leading ladies can hardly be said to exist when artists of her quality are available. Mr. Herbert Waring was at his best in the part of the fiercely jealous, elderly husband, and

Mr. W. L. Abingdon.



MADAME DU BARRI'S BEDROOM AT VERSAILLES AS IT APPEARED AT A RECENT REHEARSAL AT THE SAVOY.

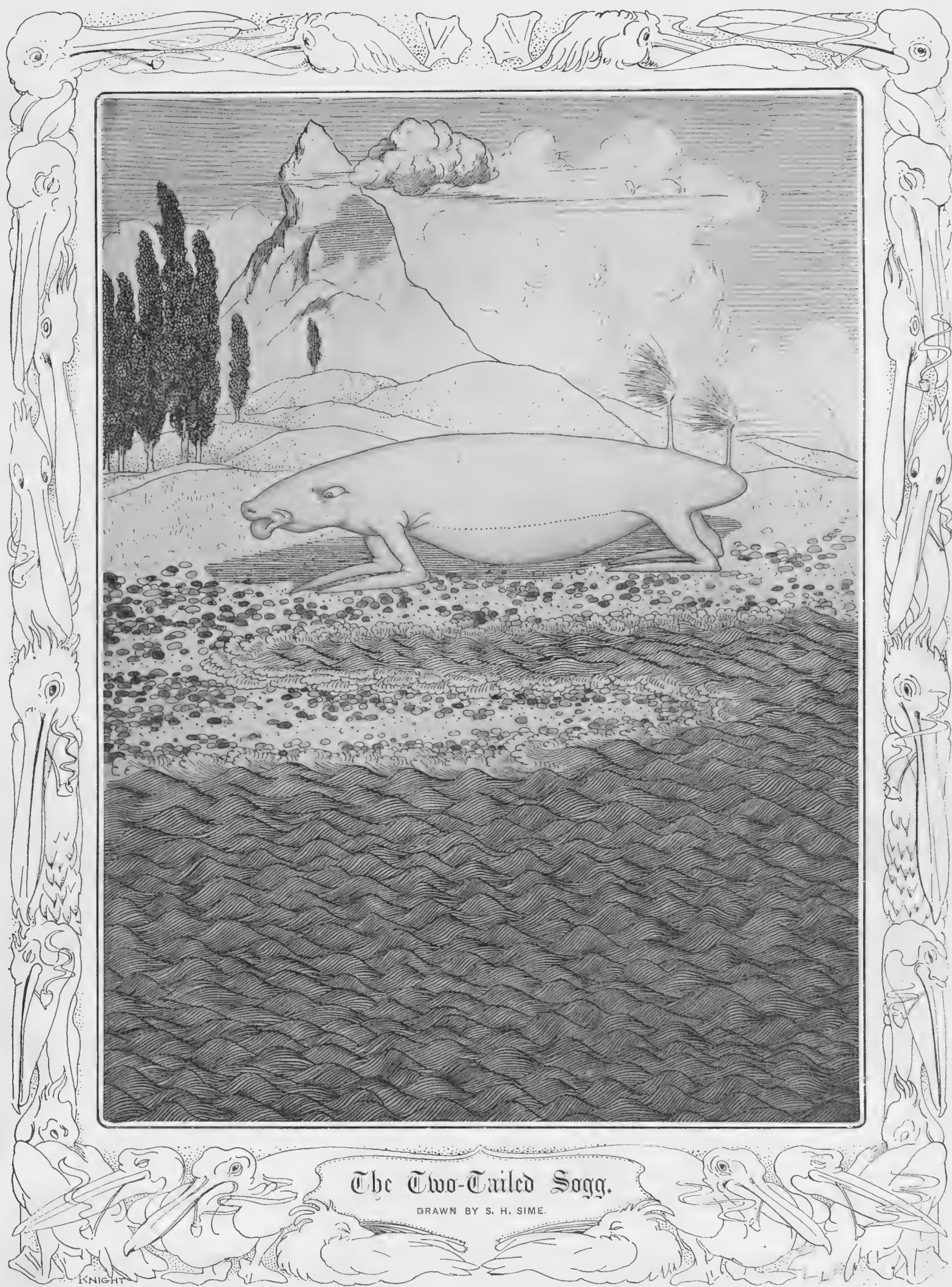
One of the chief scenes of M. Richepin's "Du Barri," which was to have been produced at the Savoy on the 11th, but now stands postponed until Saturday, is the famous courtesan's bedroom at Versailles. In this, Madame is "discovered" sipping chocolate, and holds a petite levée, which is interrupted by the arrival of Louis XV.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio.

is some fault due to its being an adaptation of a story, but there is absolutely no extrinsic evidence that I am acquainted with of its being an adaptation save the indecisive fact that in the programme it is called "new," but the word "original" is omitted, and Mrs. Ward's collaborator must be aware that the

Mr. Dawson Milward gave a capital piece of acting as Agatha's middle-aged lover. Mr. Robb Harwood would have been funny as the velvet-coated artist if he had had a chance, and no one will doubt that Miss Henrietta Watson's comparative failure was due to the part and not to the actress.

THE SIME ZOOLOGY: BEASTS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—XI



The Two-Tailed Sogg.

DRAWN BY S. H. SIME.

THE PROPOSAL: AN EAST-END IDYLL.



'ENERY: D'yer luv me?
'ENERIETTA: Course I does.
'ENERY: Then let's change 'ats.

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.

THE GIPSY GIRL

IN "THE TALK OF THE TOWN."



MISS OLIVE MORRELL,
WHO IS PLAYING JUNE AT THE LYRIC

Photographs by Johnston and Hoffmann.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S NEW NOVEL.*

WILLIAM ASHE, when we meet him first, is a rising politician in the "Sixties." You may fix the period by his portrait, with its carefully trimmed whisker. He is heir to a peerage, wealthy, able, ambitious, with the happy gift of seeming idle when he is really studious, with a library where literature, politics, and even theology are alike absorbed, with the Gladstonian knack of turning from Party strife to the soothing company of a favourite classic. He is very handsome, devoted to his mother, has the finest sense of probity, public and private; in a word, is as near the ideal Englishman as Mrs. Humphry Ward can make him. At thirty-two he is Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Lord Parham's Ministry, Lord Parham being a pompous, bullet-headed intriguer, with no ideas, and a wife who wears a blonde wig, and meddles with the public appointments. She does not like William Ashe very much to start with; she likes him still less when he marries.

Such a man, it is plain, ought to marry a woman who will advance his interests, who will flatter Lord Parham, and be extremely careful not to quarrel with Lady P. William's cousin, Mary Lyster, would discharge these duties very well. That is her opinion; it is also the opinion of William's mother, Lady Tranmore. But the Under-Secretary goes to an evening-party at the house of Madame d'Estrées, and meets a girl who plays a startling and tragic part in his fortunes. This is Lady Kitty Bristol, daughter of Madame d'Estrées by her first husband, Lord Blackwater, an Irish nobleman of whose character and career everybody believes the worst, and without exaggeration. Scandal, indeed, wholly fails to overpaint the unlamented Blackwater. What he has done remains, to a great extent, in the decent obscurity of legitimate innuendo; but there is a disgraceful imbroglio from which Madame d'Estrées emerges with no character at all, and Lady Kitty emerges with some hereditary warp in her nature that makes her one of the most amazing heroines in fiction.

Her mother's evening-parties have a tendency to be raffish. Even Kitty, who is fresh from a convent in France, and at eighteen has seen nothing of the world, is struck by some sinister oddity in her surroundings. Ashe, who has not been at these parties for some time until this memorable evening, notes a decline in the tone of the guests. He also notes the indiscretions of Lady Kitty's conversation, for she imparts her misgivings to him with the most embarrassing openness. "How lacking in the reserves, the natural instincts and shrinkings of the well-bred English girl!" She has a puritanical aunt, Lady Grosville; and at the Grosville country-house Ashe continues his studies of this surprising young woman. She appears at dinner with a destructive terrier-puppy under her arm; she is dressed in the height of French fashion, which scandalises her aunt; she keeps the company wondering what she will do next; what she does next is the crescendo of singularity, culminating in a recitation of a love-scene from Victor Hugo. Nothing like it had ever been heard within the walls of Grosville Park. "Lady Grosville might well feel as though the solid frame of things were melting and cracking round her."

In fine, Lady Kitty is the most piquant, imprudent, bewitching, elf-like creature that has ever dawned on the vision of William Ashe, or, indeed, upon the seasoned reader of modern English fiction. A personality so difficult is a sure test of an artist's hand; and in these pages it lives for us as it lives for the Under-Secretary, who is taken captive with mingled emotions of love and pity. "What untamed,

indomitable things breathed from it!—a self surely more self, more intensely, obstinately alive, than any he had yet known." She is a whirlwind of passionate egoism at one moment, and then a wonder of exquisite sweetness and gentleness. What is to become of her with such a temperament, and with a mother whose evening-parties are not attended by decent women? Already she is an arrant flirt. Her entertainment of Mr. Geoffrey Cliffe, poet, traveller, journalist, and *mauvais sujet*, makes the judicious grieve. Ashe grieves; but he resolves to marry her. It is a hazardous adventure, but, after all, she is "a creature of mind rather than sense," who flirts as Ariel might flirt. "She may scandalise half the world—I shall understand her!" says William Ashe.

She receives his proposal with a candour which is ominously eloquent of possibilities. "I have fancies, overpowering fancies, and I must follow them. I have one now for Geoffrey Cliffe!" "Oh, that won't last!" "Then some other will come after it. I can't

help it. It is my head"—she tapped her forehead lightly—"that seems on fire." But she is genuinely in love with Ashe, the strong, generous man she needs; also the man who can gratify her ambition to the full. So the hazardous adventure begins, and three years later we find them in the thick of it. There is a child, a crippled boy, whose deformity is his mother's constant anguish, making her a wilder creature than ever, an impish sprite, a thing possessed. Of all the extravagance that is going, Kitty Ashe is the perpetual flame. She is at war with Lady Parham, and wishes to take a vengeance that must humiliate that lady, even at the cost of making Ashe resign his office. He has managed her so well so far that, when he cheerfully acquiesces in this prospect of official extinction, she melts. "The evil spirit went out of her, and she was all ethereal tenderness, sadness, and remorse." But the evil spirit returns. She compromises herself with Cliffe, and narrowly escapes a shattering scandal. She has a scarcely sane antipathy to Lord Parham, all on account of his "white eyelashes." She infuriates him by writing on a slip of paper at a public meeting the number of times he has used the pronoun "I" in the course of a speech.

She publishes a book, a Society

novel, holding him up to odium, and revealing Cabinet secrets she has learned from her husband.

By this time she is a madwoman, and Ashe ought to know that she is mad. Giving way to exasperation, he leaves her in Venice, and hurries home to atone for the damning book by resigning his post in the Ministry, of which he is now the strongest man. Kitty, in her demented state, falls into the clutches of Cliffe, who carries her off to Bosnia. Her infatuation for this man, whom she really detests, is part of her madness; but Mrs. Ward's handling of Cliffe is, perhaps, the least artistic thing in a remarkable book. His villainy is tiresome; his poems, his travels, his gaunt features, his supposed attractiveness for women, are never actual. He is said to have some touches of genius, and a real passion for the liberties of the Bosnians, who are rising against the Turks just then. His picture of life in the mountains appeals to Kitty's inflamed imagination. She sees herself a queen among the fighting bands. Still, she would have resisted Cliffe and gone back to Ashe, if Mary Lyster had not played her a trick which just turned the scale towards evil in a moment of wretchedness. But this delirium is brief. Her child is dead, and she resolves to hide herself away, and die too. In the end, she meets Ashe by accident in a village on the Simplon. "It's only since I've been so ill," she says piteously, "that I've been sane. It's a strange feeling—as though one had been bled—and some poison had drained away. But it would never do for me to take a turn and live!" It would never do. That is the tragedy of this hapless being. Death is her only reparation.

L. F. A.



THE FINISHING TOUCHES.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE.



MR. JAMES WELCH AS "MR. HOPKINSON," AT WYNDHAM'S.

FROM A DRAWING, MADE AT A SPECIAL SITTING, BY F. ERNEST JACKSON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE biographical articles on Robert Browning now appearing in the *Contemporary* are of decided interest and value, and there is reason to hope that the author, Mr. Hall Griffin, will give us at last a satisfactory Life of the poet. Mr. Sutherland Orr's biography is of small account, and though it has been supplemented by more or less important additions from various hands, these have never been collected. Mr. Hall Griffin, with a full knowledge of the whole subject and much original matter to work upon, is manifestly taking the way to success. In the present instalment we have new light thrown upon the circle of Browning's early friends. One of them was Joseph Arnould, who took the Newdigate Prize at Oxford and became afterwards distinguished as a lawyer and the author of a standard volume, "Arnould on Insurance." Arnould retained his literary tastes, and was offered at one time the editorship of the *Daily News*, which, on serious consideration, he refused. He lived in Victoria Square, a little oasis of peace amid the noise and bustle of London, with some twenty houses. Poor old Campbell, the poet, also lived there in the days of gloom that came upon him. Henry F. Chorley, once a light of the *Athenaeum*, was another inhabitant. Browning was often to be found in Chorley's house, and Arnould's, though, it seems, he never became acquainted with Campbell. But through Chorley he came to know prominent people of the time, like Miss Mitford, Mrs. Jameson, and Lady Blessington. As early as September 1847, Arnould wrote: "Browning and Carlyle are my two crowning men amongst the highest English minds of the day; third comes Alfred Tennyson. If one must make a hierarchy of them, with me they would stand—Browning, 1; Carlyle, 2; Tennyson, 3."

Arnould, however, could criticise his friend judiciously, and wished that he could write more clearly, so that "the wide world and the gay world, and even the less illuminated part of the thinking world, might know his greatness even as we do. I find myself reading 'Paracelsus' and the Dramatic Lyrics more often than anything else in verse."

There are new details of the very unfortunate quarrel between Browning and Macready, and a significant mention of Mr. Browning's tyrannical father-in-law. "Browning, happening to mention Mr. Barrett as 'my sweet father-in-law,' I asked him if there was any ground for the rumours that had reached everyone as to his treatment of his daughter, the poetess. He answered, 'He was, in fact, a great slave-holder, and seemed to consider that everyone belonging to him must bend to his will and pleasure as his slaves did.'

Mr. Edmund Downey's volume, "Twenty Years Ago: A Book of Anecdote Illustrating Literary Life in London" (Hurst and Blackett), is fascinating. Mr. Downey entered the publishing house of Tinsley Brothers in 1879, and remained there till the autumn of 1884. It is on this period that he concentrates himself—a period when literary Bohemianism was decadent, though not extinguished. The pulse still throbbed, but one could feel that the beat was failing. Mr. Downey was in time to see the vanishing phases of the old life, and he has set them forth in a most agreeable style, with excellent taste and feeling. He has said very little of the tragical side, but, perhaps, this may be well meanwhile, though it may be hoped that he will live to make his chronicle more complete. William Tinsley published his Reminiscences in two large volumes, but the result was disappointing. Of Tinsley,

Mr. Downey draws a friendly portrait. The Brothers Tinsley had no capital and no commercial training, but they were so successful that the profits of their partnership were at one time between four and five thousand pounds a year. When Edward Tinsley died suddenly, William blundered along unaided, with a lively contempt for the rainy days. He had no respect for account-books, and got mixed up with a kite-flying group. After a short and heroic struggle, Tinsley Brothers toppled, but when the business was resuscitated it continued for many years to make money, though on a diminished scale. In his "Confessions of a Young Man," George Moore describes William Tinsley as "a dear, kind soul, quite witless and quite 'h'-less. From long habit he would make a feeble attempt to make a bargain, but he generally let himself in; he was, in a word, a literary stepping-stone. Hundreds had made use of him."

Among the wonderful things Tinsley did was to pay E. S. Dallas six hundred pounds for editing "Clarissa Harlowe," which was published in three volumes. At the time Routledge got out a two-shilling edition of "Clarissa," and this knocked Tinsley's venture out. But why he should have paid six hundred pounds for a job that would have been well remunerated by one-tenth the money is inexplicable. Often, however, he had a stroke of good luck, as when he took over a novel by the author of "Guy Livingstone."

Tinsley published for Besant and Rice during the partnership. They managed their own affairs, printing and binding on their own responsibility, and supplying Tinsley with copies at so much a set. The result was that Tinsley made little profit, and declined to continue working for them on the old terms. Tinsley was Thomas Hardy's first publisher, and issued his novel, "Desperate Remedies," in three volumes. It went very flat. There was an excellent review in the *Saturday*, and I may add that the merits of the book were recognised by the *Athenaeum* and the *Spectator*, but the sale was very slow. Then came "Under the Greenwood Tree," for which Tinsley gave Mr. Hardy twenty-five pounds on account. Then followed "A Pair of Blue Eyes," which was published serially in *Tinsley's Magazine*. For the serial use Mr. Hardy was paid one hundred pounds. Then he had the offer of three hundred pounds for "Far from the Madding Crowd" in the *Cornhill*, and his recognition began. Mr. William Faux, formerly the well-known chief of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's Library Department for about forty years, read the manuscript of "Desperate Remedies," and gave a glowing report of it. He could not understand why the reviewers had failed to see that a new planet had swum into the literary skies.

Florence Marryat was one of Tinsley's novelists, and one day the publisher asked Mr. Downey to deal with her when she called. "You'll recognise her easy enough," said Mr. Tinsley. "She is a tall, striking-looking woman, and she'll talk to you just like a man." A few days later a tall lady called. She looked round the office, and then, addressing Mr. Downey, said, "Is Bill in?" "I replied that Mr. Tinsley was not in. Could I do anything for her?" "I must see Bill himself," she said. "Tell the old bounder I called." "You're Miss Marryat?" Mr. Downey ventured. "Yes. But stop! How the devil do you know I'm Miss Marryat? I never saw you before." Every page of Mr. Downey's book is worth reading, and most are worth quoting.

O. O.

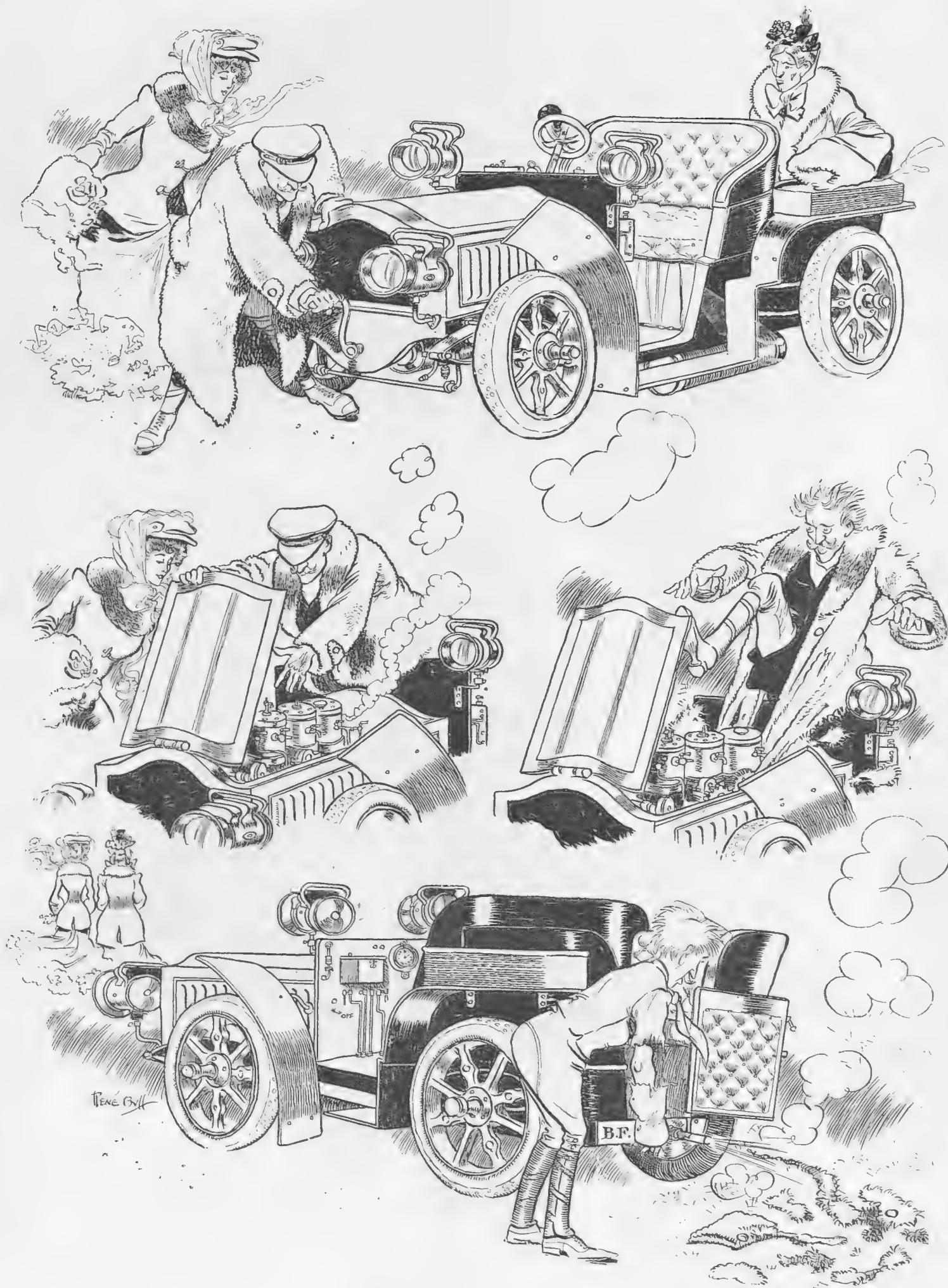


MOTHER'S DARLING (to his inner self): "I'll give you something to ache for!"

DRAWN BY A. TALBOT SMITH.

REVENGE!

A MOTOR STORY WITHOUT WORDS; OR, THE TRAGEDY OF A FUR COAT.



DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

"OH, THAT THIS TOO, TOO SOLID FLESH WOULD MELT—"



THE COOK, WHO IS TESTING THE NEW FIRE-ESCAPE, IS FIRMLY CONVINCED THAT IT IS OF NO EARTHLY USE.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

TWO NOVELS
IN A
NUTSHELL.

BY THE WAYSIDE. By PERCY E. REINGANUM.

SWEET SLUGABED. By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

BY THE WAYSIDE.

FACE downward in the ditch that bordered the road, half-hidden by the rank profusion of coarse grass and nettles, lay an old man, his pockets turned inside-out, the back of his grey head battered in. A mile further along the lonely country lane, the Murderer and the Eye-witness slouched sullenly along through the glory of the autumn afternoon.

The smaller of the two walked a pace or two in advance: a slight, wiry, little man, with blinking, nondescript eyes, and a dusty, straggling growth of hair. His expression as he glanced furtively back at his companion was one of sheer, uncontrollable fear. His clothes were of the patched and ragged description which marks the habitual tramp.

His companion, evidently of the same class of wayfarer, was a big, powerful specimen of humanity who might have passed for a more than usually unkempt and unpicturesque Gipsy. His brows were knit in a forbidding scowl, which deepened whenever the man before him glanced round at him. At such times, too, his huge fists clenched menacingly, and he growled through his set teeth like the savage, ill-conditioned dog he looked. In one hand he carried a short, stout stick, tapering to the grip, and something in its appearance seemed to suddenly attract his attention.

"Stop!" he said, and the man in front obeyed.

"See that there pool?" said the big man, when he had caught him up. "Take this hyer stick an' rinse it there. Quick!"

The other peered at the article in question and recoiled a step.

"Why? No, no! I won't! I—I can't! Do it yourself!"

"An' let you gimme the slip an' pitch your yarn to the first person you meet? Not ser bloomin' likely! Ketch 'old of it, d'yer hear? All right, then: come along o' me an' do it!"

He held him in his powerful grasp, and the other, who seemed in a half-paralysed condition, allowed himself to be marched off the road to where the sinking sun turned the flat surface of a stagnant pond to a blood-red disc. When the man had done what he intended, there was a darker thread of colour on its lifeless surface. "Sit down!" commanded the big man. "I want a few words with you. Sit down, I tell yer! Now. Wait till I got my pipe alight."

He puffed for a few moments in a sullen silence. Then he turned suddenly on his companion. "Who was he?" he demanded.

"Who—what? Him?" with a jerk of his head in the direction from whence they had come. "I don't know who he was. It's no use asking me anything. I wish—"

"Don't snivel," said his captor, angrily. "Didn't you say som'ink about havin' spoke to 'im?"

"I was sitting in the ditch," said the little man, whose speech showed that he was one of the great army of the fallen-from-better-days; "I was mortal hungry and—and dry, and presently I saw him coming along the road. He looked prosperous and well-fed, and I got up when he was near me and asked him for a trifle."

"Go on," growled the other, as he paused.

"He called me a good-for-nothing tramp, and swore he'd have the countryside cleared of the 'damned breed'—those were his very words; but his eyes were kind, and I dare say he was a good sort."

The big man swore horribly.

"Drop all that!" he said. "You followed him, didn't yer?"

"To the bend in the lane, where the tree-trunk lay across the ditch, and there I dropped back and lay down alongside it and tightened my belt. I couldn't see you coming, because the bend hid you then; but I heard your voices a moment later, and his was angrier than ever. I suppose two dirty tramps in ten yards fairly upset him." He seemed to have forgotten his companion for the moment, but a growling oath recalled him to his surroundings, and he shivered. "I crawled out and looked round the end of the log, and I saw him threaten you with his fist and pass you by; and I saw you—" He stopped short and shivered again.

"An' then I caught sight of yer," said the Murderer, slowly, after a short pause, and turning his bully's gaze upon his companion; "an' why I didn't put a stopper on you, too, I don't 'ardly know."

"Perhaps," retorted the Eye-witness, with a feeble flicker of spirit, "perhaps because I hadn't got my back turned."

There was a few seconds' silence—a terrible silence of strained suspense, and then the big man spoke, quietly if not amiably. A lengthy hand-to-hand struggle was the last thing he desired.

"What's your name?" he demanded.

"I've tried to forget," said the other, blinking painfully; "but the last thing I was called when—when I knew anyone, was 'Gin-and-Misery'."

"I'll call you 'Misery,' for short," with a hoarse chuckle. "I'm known—not about 'ere, but in the parts I come from—as 'Black Jock.' Now we're introoooced, which is just as well, 'cos we're goin' to be very close company fer some time to come. Understand?"

"If you'll only let me go, I swear—take my dying oath, I will—that I'll never tell a soul. I'll go straight away and keep my mouth shut. I'll forget all about it. I swear I will! Let me go—for God's sake,

let me go my way and you go yours!" He poured it all out in an awful frenzy of agonised, desperate fear, but the other shook his great head.

"No," he said, and beat the ground with his cudgel at each repetition of the word "no." "I tell yer, no—no—no! Yer might keep yer word or yer might not. You'll be within reach o' me till we've put two counties 'twixt us an' this. Out o' my sight you're not goin' ter stir. An' you'd best not try any vamoosin' games. I'm quick on my feet an' I'm quick with my 'ands . . . as you know," he added, grimly. "Now, come along."

Black Jock rose, and, shaking with terror and helpless, maudlin rage, Gin-and-Misery rose too, and together they passed along the road as the shadows began to fall.

Night had fallen, and a yellow moon shone through the tree-tops when they halted, foot-sore and weary, at the gate of a field.

"Looks like a barn o' some sort yonder," observed Black Jock. "Might do worse than that for a night's lodgin'."

"Why not sleep in the open?" quavered Gin-and-Misery, whose courage the falling of the night had not served to increase. "We're both pretty well used to it, I should say."

"Because," retorted the other, turning upon him, "I want a door I can sleep across. See?"

They clambered over the gate and approached the building. It was a small, oblong shed of tarred wood, and loomed black and forbidding in the moonlight.

Jock pulled open the door and motioned his companion to enter.

"Strike a light," he said.

The other did so. A pile of twigs and branches was heaped against one end of the interior; the rest of the floor was hidden by a thick layer of straw.

"Couldn't do better," observed the Murderer. "Douse the glim an' turn in over there." He pointed to the farthest corner. His wretched companion shambled across, dropped on the straw, and blew out the match.

Jock shut the door carefully, and darkness thick and impenetrable settled upon them, save where the moonlight drew a narrow white line in the space between the bottom of the door and the ground. Then, as he stretched his great bulk on the straw, even that was blotted out.

Gin-and-Misery drew his ragged coat round him, and, sitting bolt upright, shrank into his corner. One thought only was clear in his muddled brain—he must not sleep. His teeth chattered with cold and fear. He stared through the impenetrable blackness, towards where the sound of stertorous breathing told him his ghastly companion was sleeping, till his tired eyelids drooped. Twice he jerked himself into wakefulness; then his chin drooped on his chest and he dozed.

What was that? Wide-awake and trembling in every limb, he strained eyes and ears. A rat? He could have sworn he had heard the straw rustle, as though something had moved stealthily.

With twitching fingers he drew out the match-box. At the third attempt the match flared. All was still. Blinking through the sudden light, he saw Black Jock flat on his back, his knees drawn up, his head towards his corner, both hands in his coat-pockets.

The match burned to his fingers and went out as he dropped it . . .

More torturing sleeplessness and gnawing suspense, and waiting for he knew not what. . . . Once again he nodded, once again the mysterious rustling tore his heavy eyelids open.

Even as he once more fumbled for the matches, he noticed something that petrified him as he sat.

He could see the streak of moonlight under the door again.

Then Jock had moved—was not asleep. . . .

Another match flared. The Murderer lay still in precisely the same attitude, breathing loudly and regularly.

Could it be his fancy? Perhaps he had shifted slightly in his sleep. Yet surely he was nearer than at first. . . .

Black darkness again, the same maddening moments of staring and listening. The sweat ran down through his unkempt beard, and he clenched his teeth to keep from laughing aloud. . . .

There, again—there was no doubt of the rustling this time. Frantically he struck a third match, and, as it flared up, something touched his foot. He shrieked: and in an instant the Murderer's hand was at his throat and the Murderer's knee on his chest. The match flew from his fingers, and he struck and bit and struggled with the desperation of frantic terror.

Twice the terrible stick was raised for the blow, and twice it struck harmlessly against the side of the hut. He twined the fingers of his left hand in the tangled black beard and struck and scratched and tore with the other.

And then suddenly it was no longer dark. The shed was filled with a lurid, smoky glare. The match—the last match!

Involuntarily his assailant turned his head. In an instant,

"Gin-and-Misery," with an inspiration born of despair, had wrenched the cudgel away and struck with all his might at the dark shock of hair silhouetted against the flames. The grip on his throat relaxed; the huge frame drooped and sank across his own body.

For a moment he lay gasping for breath; the air was thick with rolling smoke and flying sparks. With a supreme effort, he dragged himself from under his prostrate companion, crawled to the door, pushed it open, and staggered out into the still, cool night.

Free!

He shook himself and ran a few steps. Looking back, he saw bright tongues of flame licking up the walls of the shed from between

the tarred boards. An idea struck him, and, staggering back, he pushed the door to once more, holding his ragged sleeve across his face to shield it from the heat. A large stone lay half imbedded in the grass at his feet. He tore at it with bleeding fingers till it yielded and rolled from him. He pushed it firmly against the door, and, turning, ran—ran at top-speed across the deserted fields, away, anywhere away from the shadow of the horror that had fallen across his obscure path.

Crash!

Without slackening, he glanced back.

The roof of the shed had fallen in.

PERCY E. REINGANUM.

SWEET SLUGABED.

ALL Heaven was in flower above as I came out upon the lawn, and the orchard in the distance was a blaze of pink apple-blossom. White islands of cloud sailed in the deep May sky, and the breath of the spring was in my nostrils and drew thrillingly into my blood. Somehow, romance was in possession of the air and life and nature. I passed round the house and under Master Teddy's window. It was high time he was up, for had he not made an appointment with me to beat the furze on the heath for linnet's nests?

I threw daffodils deftly through the open window, over which the curtains hung, but I doubted if such missiles would suffice to wake the sluggard. I tried little pebbles from the path, but they merely spent themselves noiselessly on the curtains. It was plain that Teddy required severer measures. It was after half-past six, and I wanted my walk. Over against the house grew an apple-tree, and thrust a branch towards the window. It was a miracle of bloom, and in the returning ecstasy of boyhood I began to climb. Climbing was not so difficult as it looked, though, perhaps, it was undignified. I reached the bough with my pockets full of ammunition.

I gently inserted a hand and opened the curtains, so that a tender stream of morning light flowed into the chamber. Then I opened fire. The pebbles seemed to fall with a tinkling noise into the fireplace, and next I was aware that the sleeper had risen in bed. Immediately afterwards, I heard the soft sound of bare feet upon the floor. Teddy was approaching. I snatched a handful of apple-blossoms and made ready for him. A hand pushed aside the curtains more widely. I discharged my apple-blossoms—and there was Miss Willoughby before me, all in a shower of pink, from tumbled hair to the white bosom of her gown.

She hardly blinked as the missiles struck her face, but that turned as pink as they, and she put her hand to her throat to clutch her gown.

"Really, Mr. Sheraton," she said, breathlessly, "I don't understand—"

"I—I'm awfully sorry," I explained, shamefacedly; "I made a mistake. I thought this window was Teddy's. I profoundly apologise."

"You certainly need to," she declared, indignantly.

"I hope I didn't hit you," I stammered.

Miss Willoughby was growing angry as she recovered from her first surprise and embarrassment. "It was not your fault if you didn't," she said, sharply. "A stone came very close to me."

"I'm awfully sorry," I said, humbly; "I didn't try to throw them at your bed."

"You—you had no right to take such a liberty, even with Teddy," she asserted, in her pretty, dictatorial way.

"Well, you see, it's such a beautiful morning," I pleaded, "and I wanted a companion for a walk."

"That's no excuse," declared Miss Willoughby, vaguely. "People shouldn't be selfish. Anyone would imagine you were a child."

"I don't see why I'm like a child because I want to—"

"It's perfectly ridiculous climbing trees at your age," said Miss Willoughby, disdainfully; "and disturbing people's sleep, too."

"It seems to me," I retorted, somewhat nettled, "that people lie abed too long."

"Indeed!" said she, freezing. "It's doubtless an interesting opinion, but I fail to see how it concerns me."

"It's after half-past six," I said.

"Indeed!" she repeated, indifferently.

"And you know you ought to be up," I added, reproachfully.

She elevated her eyebrows in cold scorn. "You seem to have taken my affairs in hand," she said, and glanced at me suspiciously. "It seems odd you didn't know Teddy's room was next-door."

"Then do you accuse me of coming here deliberately and waking you on purpose?" I asked, indignantly.

"I'm not aware that I have made any accusation," said Miss Willoughby, with her preternatural calm.

I looked at her. Her fresh, young face was full of the glow of the morning; her eyes were full of suppressed fire; her dishevelled tresses framed her beauty. She clasped her gown at the neck unconsciously with her fingers.

"I wish you'd come out," I pleaded.

"I'm going straight back to bed, in the hope of resuming the sleep you so rudely interrupted," she said, in a stately manner.

"Oh, what a slugabed!" I said, lightly.

"If you only knew," said Miss Willoughby, coldly; "how supremely ridiculous you look, clinging to that bough like a—like a—"

"If you only knew how supremely pretty you look in that—in that—"

Miss Willoughby hastily retired behind the curtains. I think she had forgotten her costume. "As you are so grossly impudent—" I heard her muffled voice, but I don't think she finished.

I waited for a little time; even if I did look like a—well, whatever I looked like, and then I called to her softly—

"Miss Willoughby!"

The curtain was pulled firmly across the window, but the hand in the white sleeve that drew it lingered in sight.

"Miss Willoughby, I only want to say one thing before I go. I'm awfully sorry for having disturbed you by a mistake."

"You've said that before," said Miss Willoughby from behind the curtain. "Please go away."

"I'm going now," I said, eagerly. "But, before I go, I just want to explain. You said I was going to be impudent. I wasn't, really. I was only going to say—"

"I don't want to hear what you were going to say," she interrupted. "Do go away."

"It isn't impudent to say when you admire something," I called out. There was no answer. "I really only wanted to say that it's as becoming as a ball-dress, and doesn't—isn't nearly so— You see, evening-dress does—"

A hand came behind the curtain and abruptly closed the window.

I descended from the tree slowly and stood contemplating Teddy's window. No, on the whole, I had better let him have his sleep out. Besides, it was nearly seven and there would hardly be time for our ramble on the heath. So I strolled in the dewy garden and plucked the lilac and the china-roses. Of the latter I made a little bouquet. As I turned again into the lawn, I caught sight of a figure in the distance.

"Good-morning, Miss Willoughby," I greeted her, when I had drawn near enough.

She looked round. "Oh, good-morning," she said, coolly, and went on examining the buds on the "La France."

"I hope you slept well," said I, pleasantly.

"I was disturbed somewhat early," said she, frigidly; and then, with a glance about the lawn as if in search of someone, "Where's Teddy?"

"In bed, I think," I replied.

"Oh, I thought—," she began, and paused. Did she look at me with suspicion again? I hastened to reassure her.

"I did intend to have him, but I found it was too late. Besides, it was a companion I wanted, not a boy of twelve. He's too young."

"I heard the servants about more than an hour ago," said Miss Willoughby.

"Yes, they're not slugabeds," I retorted.

She compressed her lips. "I think you're extremely rude," she said.

"I was thinking of Teddy," I explained.

Miss Willoughby looked about her; she was in a sprigged muslin.

"I admire that, too," I said.

Miss Willoughby averted her head. "Have you been in the rose-garden?" she asked, quickly.

I held out my bunch of monthly roses. "They would go well with that gown," I said, looking at her critically.

"Do you think so?" she asked, diffidently.

"Try." She tried.

"Famous!" said I, enthusiastically. "That blaze of pink under the throat is just beautiful."

A blaze of pink dawned above the throat.

"I really don't know which costume becomes you best," I said, reflectively. "I've seen you in three kinds. There's the ball-room, and this, and the—"

"Isn't that Teddy coming?" asked Miss Willoughby, hurriedly.

Miss Willoughby did not wear horrid neck-bands, and her young throat was open to the morning breeze. Above the flare of pink roses at her breast flamed the pink in her cheeks, but midway 'twixt the two my eyes were arrested by a deeper red.

"Good gracious, you haven't been stung?" I cried.

Miss Willoughby's colour deepened. "N—no," she stammered. The mark on that delicate throat seemed infamous.

"Did you—?"

"It was a stone," said she, coldly, and looking away. It flashed upon me at once.

"Not—not—?" It was my turn to stammer.

"There was a pebble among the apple-blossoms," she explained, a little confusion descending on her.

"And it hit— Oh, what a brute I am! I wish it had been Teddy. No, I don't. I'm glad it was—"

I took Miss Willoughby's hand and drew her closer.

"You mustn't," she faltered; but I did.

"It was a pretty costume; you looked lovely," said I.

"Was it?" Did I? murmured Miss Willoughby from my breast.

H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.



THE way in which, at certain unexpected seasons, the game of theatrical Puss-in-the-Corner is played is demonstrated by the arrangements of the last few days. The failure of "The Lady of Leeds" has given the opportunity of transferring "Mr. Hopkinson" from the Avenue to Wyndham's, while Mr. Willie Edouin and his comrades have moved from the Comedy to the Strand. This leaves the Comedy free for the production of Mr. George Bancroft's new comedy, "Lady Ben," in which Mr. Frank Cooper, Mr. Charles Fulton, Mr. Marsh Allen, and Mr. J. D. Beveridge, Miss May Pardoe, Miss Darragh, and Miss Dorothy Grimston will appear. For the moment the Avenue will remain closed, though it is by no means improbable that it will reopen with a new musical comedy, the book of which has been written by Mr. W. H. Risque, and the music by Mr. Howard Talbot, who will be remembered as the composer of "A Chinese Honeymoon." All these four theatres are now, it need hardly be said, under the direction of Mr. Frank Curzon, whose views on the subject of musical comedy are much the same as those which have been expressed by Mr. George Edwardes. Just as playgoers no longer care for the old rough-and-tumble form of farce, so Mr. Curzon believes that they are tired of the rather plotless play which serves as a pleasant vehicle for stringing together inconsequent songs and dances. His next production of this sort may, therefore, be expected to contain a more strictly developed story.

Daly's Theatre will not welcome back Mr. Hayden Coffin to its fold when M. André Messager's operetta, "Les P'tites Michus," is produced there, under whatever English name may finally be decided for it. He will continue to play Florestan in "Véronique" — in which he has made a most gratifying success — as long as that delightful opera runs at the Apollo Theatre. There, by the way, it registered its three hundredth performance on Saturday, and the occasion was celebrated in the usual fashion, by the distribution of a souvenir to every member of the audience.

The often talked of possibility of Mr. Joseph Jefferson playing again in London is definitely at an end, for he has announced his intention of taking his farewell of the stage in the course of the next few weeks. This farewell will be of an unusual character, for a production of "Rip Van Winkle" is to be made at the Boston Theatre, Boston, during Easter week. Mr. Jefferson will, however, not play the part with which his name has for so many years been intimately associated, but will make a speech before the curtain. Later on, he will appear in New York, one afternoon, at a monster benefit which is being organised for Mr. Joseph Holland, an actor whose ill-health will prevent him ever appearing on the stage again.

The arrangements for Miss Lena Ashwell's permanent enrolment among London's actor-managers next autumn, to which reference was made a short time ago in *The Sketch*, in announcing her forthcoming appearance about Easter-time in "Leah Kleschna," have now been completed in what may be regarded as an ideal manner. Many actor-managers have lamented the necessity of devoting a part of their time to the inevitable questions of the business side of their enterprise, instead of being able to give all their attention and energy to the development of the stage. Miss Ashwell has solved the problem by associating herself with Mr. William Greet, whose experience of theatrical matters is essentially on the business side, while Miss Ashwell will devote herself entirely to the presentation of the plays.

The admirers of Mr. Charles Dana Gibson's characteristic drawings will not need reminding that the adventures of Mr. Pipp furnished him with a subject which occupied his facile pencil for some time. These adventures have been made the basis of a comedy which has just been produced on the other side of the Atlantic.

The run of "Much Ado About Nothing" at His Majesty's will, of necessity, compare unfavourably with the other Shaksperian revivals by Mr. Tree, seeing that it will be withdrawn after the performance at the matinée on the 25th inst. Still, Mr. Tree is philosopher enough to find consolation in the fact that as a thing of beauty it will live long in the memory of those who have seen it. Incidentally, he will use the withdrawal of the play for the introduction of a somewhat novel effect, by making his change of bill on the evening of that Saturday which marks the end of "Much Ado." The new bill of "A Man's Shadow," which, it will be remembered, was the play selected for presentation at Windsor at the last Command performance.



A PROMISING YOUNG ACTRESS:
MISS VIOLET COOPER.

Miss Cooper is the seventeen-year-old daughter of Mr. Frank Cooper, the well-known actor, and was selected by Mr. Brandon Thomas to play the part of Amy in "Charley's Aunt." She made her début at the Marlborough Theatre, and showed such ability that when the lady who was playing the part of Kitty at the Comedy Theatre had to leave to fulfil a pantomime engagement, Mr. Thomas selected Miss Cooper to play this part during the remainder of the season at the Comedy and afterwards on tour.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

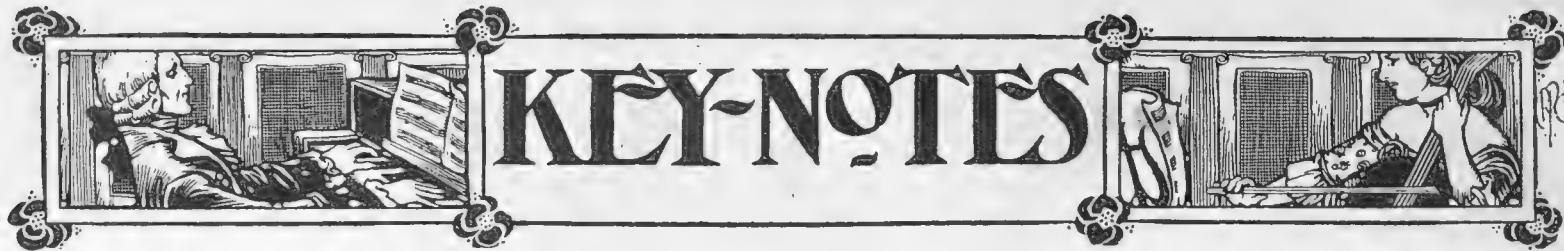
Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.



"THE SIEGE OF PORT ARTHUR," AT THE COLISEUM: JAPANESE INFANTRY SURPRISING RUSSIAN OFFICERS.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

a production of Franz von Schonthan's poetic play, "Renaissance," which has been translated into English verse by Miss Alice Greeven (Mrs. J. T. Grein). She will probably also give a triple bill, which will include Mr. Hubert Carter's adaptation of "Punchinello," originally done on Miss Ellen Terry's tour.



AMONG the extraordinary wonders which the combination of Art and the World has produced, is surely Manuel Garcia.

His career has been amazing, not only by reason of the length of his life, but also by reason of the enormous amount of work he has done during that life. He was probably the first of voice-producers, and such well-known singers as Patti, Albani, and Santley have passed under his system of tuition, and have come well to the front, owing to his influence to some extent, though, of course, owing also to their natural gifts. To-day this matter of voice-production is a question of wrangle between man and man; but Garcia stands quite ahead of all such quarrels, pursuing the even tenor of his centenarian career as one who has founded a school, and who is still alive to see with what idle purpose that school has been maintained. When one uses such words as "idle purpose," one does not desire to humiliate in any respect those men amongst us who are doing good work founded upon the principles of Garcia. Every great man must not be made responsible for the indecent exaggeration of his followers, but he, doubtless, very often provides the means of repute for such as desire to follow him. It is a good thing to note that he is capable of appreciating all the honours which are being done in his favour throughout Western Europe. It will be within the present week (March 17) that his birthday will be celebrated in the land to which he has given so much honour, the land where all things always seem

the same, and must have seemed the same to Garcia even though men have come and gone, singers have sung and disappeared, Rossini has composed and has died, Wagner has built his Bayreuth Theatre and has surrendered himself to mortality, Berlioz has been opposed, and has created his future, Arthur Sullivan began and has fulfilled his time, Dvorák has come from Bohemia with his tunes and has gone, and with the same story of old mortality this amazing and vital musician may raise his head and proclaim the changes of the world. He has even experienced the thrill of interest which ran through Europe at the news of the Battle of Waterloo; for then he was a child of ten. One almost feels that in him is the fulfilment of that extraordinary stanza written by Tennyson—

There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
There, where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

Miss Fanny Davies is a pianist of so much individuality and of so much essential merit that, despite the oncoming of many new, of many very artistic players, she remains absolutely in the position she won for herself some years ago. The other night she gave an evening concert, under the conductorship of M. Colonne, and played the pianoforte part in Brahms's Concerto in D Minor very well indeed. Doubtless there are certain younger players who, by a certain nimbleness and quick youthfulness of accomplishment, are able to impress one more immediately than players of much older experience. We much admire Miss Davies's keen insight into the music which she interprets; equally we admire the spirit, the action, and the intelligence which she

brings to her work; but there is always just a thread of critical feeling in listening to her which makes one desire that there was something lighter about the touch of her fingers, that there was more of "the nimble sense of fitness" in her playing.



SEÑOR GARCIA, WHO REACHES HIS 100TH BIRTHDAY ON FRIDAY NEXT.

The centenary of the birth of the veteran Professor of Singing is to be celebrated by the presentation of a number of addresses, and also by a banquet at the Hotel Cecil. Señor Garcia, by the way, has just been made an Honorary Member of the Vienna Laryngological Society.

Photograph by the Draycott Gallery.

he would do well to leave. Nevertheless, his wonderful "Variations,"

"Cockaigne," and his new edition of "Pomp and Circumstance" bear

on their front the hall-mark of genius; it is true that the March in C Minor attached to the last composition of which we have spoken has somewhat of an overdone, brassy sound, but every probability points to the idea that when Elgar speaks of pomp and circumstance, he makes no reference whatever to the idea of concert-halls or to chamber-music. We can verily imagine these Marches producing a tremendous effect in the advance of armies to battle, and in the onward rush of many thousand soldiers going as one man to the fray; and it seems to us that, from that point of view, Elgar has absolutely fulfilled a great ideal, for it is impossible to imagine that the musician who composed the Prelude to "Lux Christi" is insensible to those interior beauties of thought which are quite separate from the sound and fury of the battlefield. The fact is that Elgar is so wonderfully complete in his one particular mood when it comes upon him that his utterance must be in music.



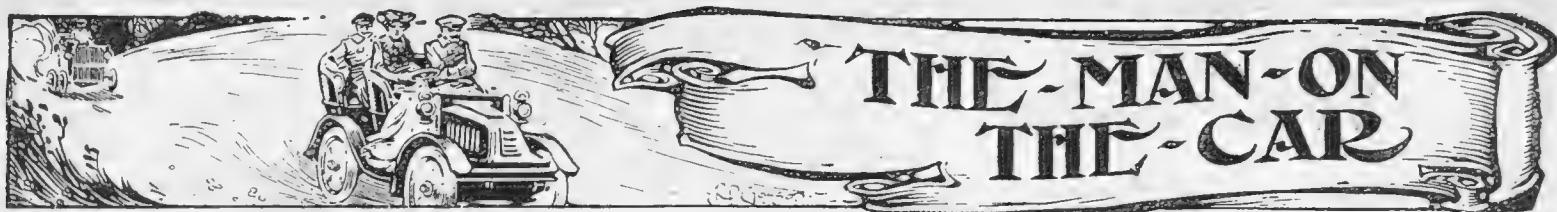
A PIANIST NEW TO ENGLISH AUDIENCES: MR. FREDERICK FAIRBANKS,
WHO HAS JUST MADE HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN THIS COUNTRY AT THE BECHSTEIN HALL.

Mr. Fairbanks, who was born in Paris in 1868, is the son of American parents and a relative of the Vice-President of the United States; but, curiously enough, he has never visited America. After a period of study under Professor Carl Stasny at Frankfort, he became a teacher of the piano at the Royal Conservatorium, Dresden. Since that time, he has given many recitals in Germany and in France.

Photograph by Histed.

violinist should renew our acquaintance with the beauty of an instrument essentially recognised by Gluck, and by Meyerbeer, that musician who has been met with so much posthumous abuse. COMMON CHORD.

Mr. Aldo Antonietti gave a Violin Recital a few days ago at the Aeolian Hall, at which he was assisted by Miss Kathleen Maureen and Mr. Hamilton Harty. Mr. Antonietti once more proved that there is no need in matters of art to attempt any expression of rapidity or enormous sense of technique. Sarasate has probably said the last word in this regard, and it is good that a new



THE SULTAN OF JOHORE'S CAR—THE MOTOR-BUS—THE ENTRIES FOR THE BRITISH TOURIST TROPHY—THE GORDON-BENNETT CUP RACE OF 1906—MEDALS FOR DRIVERS AND MECHANICS AT THE ISLE OF MAN TRIALS, AND IN THE GORDON-BENNETT RACE OF LAST YEAR.

THE SULTAN OF JOHORE, who, above all things, is a rare sportsman, has lately become possessed of a little voiturette, in the shape of a 90 horse-power Mérçèdes, upon the chassis of which His Highness has caused a comfortable tonneau-body to be mounted. Owing to the trouble sometimes experienced in starting these powerful engines—witness the struggles of the Baron de Caters in the late Gordon-Bennett Race—the Sultan of Johore has had fitted to his car one of the C.J.L. (Messrs. Charles Jarrott and Letts, Limited's) Supplementary Ignitions, an admirable apparatus supplied by that firm to enable high-powered engines fitted with low-tension magneto ignition to be started up without difficulty. Since this was done I hear that the Sultan's ninety starts up every time.

The omnibus proprietors of London intend, by the aid of motor-buses, to put up a good fight against the further encroachments of the cumbersome and traffic-congesting tram. The experimental work done up to the present has convinced the proprietors that motor-buses can be run at a profit, and has also shown them that the public, when it gets the chance, goes for the faster and more comfortable vehicle as one man. Riding in a motor-bus, even over bad roads, is sheer luxury compared with sitting in the horse-drawn variety. If any of my readers doubt me, let them make comparative trips up and down the Edgware Road, first in one vehicle and then in the other. They will not need to ride more than half a mile in the self-propelled bus to plump therefor ever after. Within the interior of the latter is absolute silence compared with the continual banging, rattling, and wrenching that go on behind horses. Moreover, the motor-bus goes right ahead without the lateral movement which occurs with the horse-drawn vehicle, which swings passengers about in their seats and is particularly fatiguing. The undermentioned omnibus proprietors have now a very large number of motor-buses under construction, and intend to cover the whole of the roads of the Metropolis, so soon as these vehicles are in actual work. The recital of the firms concerned will surprise many who imagined that, outside the London General Omnibus and the Road Car Companies, Tilling's were the only people to be considered. The bus-owning firms now moving with the times are those already named, together with the Associated Omnibus Company, Limited, Birch Brothers, Limited; P. Hearn, the Atlas and Waterloo Association, the Star Omnibus Company, the London Omnibus Carriage Company, C. W. French and Sons, Phillips and Brickland, Camden Town Association, and the Victoria Omnibus Association.

Quite a large, and certainly a very interesting, entry has been received by the Automobile Club for the British Tourist Trophy. In

this competition, speed is not the factor, the palm going to the car which, in its class, will go farthest on the least amount of petrol. The fuel allowance is limited to one gallon of spirit for every twenty-five miles to be covered, so that, if the course is one hundred miles, a car will have four gallons emptied into its tank and no more, and will be driven towards the objective until it stops. Of course, there are limitations as to weights of chassis and load, otherwise proper comparisons could not be afforded. The conditions of this race are calculated to bring out exactly what the public wants to know, for nothing is so much affected by poor design and faulty workmanship as fuel consumption. Although this competition is open to the world, and in these islands there is as yet a market for the alien makers, but seven of the thirty-one vehicles entered to date are made out of this country, and two of those are steam-cars.

No question was asked at the Annual General Meeting of the Automobile Club, held on March 8, with respect to the statement made to the effect that the Club, through its Secretary, Mr. Julian Orde, had agreed to the proportionate representation of nations in the Gordon-Bennett Cup Race of 1906. After so effectually bringing the French Club to its knees, and securing the support and adherence of the other Clubs concerned, it seems particularly feeble and futile to accord so grossly unfair a consideration to the French industry for, to all appearances, no sort of corresponding advantage. The proportionate representation racket is a little refinement which, in connection with so sporting an event, would only have occurred to French folk, who, charming people as they are, require another hundred years' sporting experience before they will make good losers. But, to return to the concession, it would be well for an official denial to be afforded this, as all the credit acquired over the forcing of the French Club's hand in the matter of this year's race is overshadowed by the alleged knuckling under for 1906.



MRS. JAMES BUCKLEY.

Mrs. Buckley was one of the first ladies to drive her own car in London. She is the owner of a Renault-Lanchester and a De Dion, and on one of these she frequently drives from her house in town to her residence in Wales.



MRS. EDMUNDS.

Mrs. Edmunds is so enthusiastic a motorist that, in addition to a good deal of touring on the Continent, she races her own car.



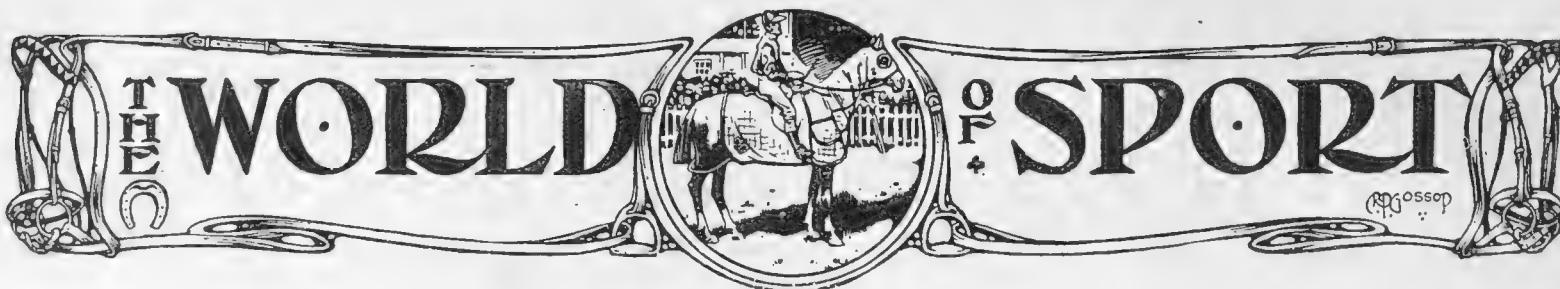
LADY TEYNHAM.

Lady Teynham is one of the most enthusiastic members of the Ladies' Automobile Club, and frequently drives from her country house, Lynsted Lodge, to town.

PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE LADIES' AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

Photographs by Bassano.

year are, somewhat tardily, to have recognition of the trouble and expense to which they were put *pour la Patrie*. It is not often that *la Patrie* on this side of the Channel acknowledges work done for her glory, but in this case it is to be recognised in the shape of gold, silver, and bronze medals. Those in gold are for the actual drivers in the big race, and those in silver for the drivers in the Isle of Man Trials. All the mechanics will have commemorative bronze medals.



LIVERPOOL—LINCOLN—THE BETTING BILL—INSURANCE.

NOW that His Majesty the King has definitely decided to attend the Liverpool Spring Meeting, the Messrs. Topham can make arrangements for entertaining a big crowd, as all good sportsmen will be anxious to see how Moifaa acquits himself in the Grand National. The horse is very firm in the London betting, and he is very likely to start a warm favourite. George Williamson, who is to wear the Royal colours in the race, is an intelligent jockey. He always rides with a toothpick in his mouth. He was successful on *Manifesto* when the latter won for Mr. Bulteel. Moifaa has been clipped and looks very well. He is thriving on his work and jumps like a deer. That he will get over the country, bar an accident, is certain, and he looks to me to have a chance, on paper, second to none. *Dearslayer*, who is trained by Mr. Hastings and is owned by Prince Hatzfeldt, is a genuine candidate. The horse fell in the race last year, but he is very much fancied by his connections this time. *Mason* will have the mount on *Kirkland*, who must be parson or clerk at the finish if there is any virtue in the horses-for-courses theory. The same remark will apply to *Detail*, who is to be ridden by Mr. Gilbert. The best of Sir Charles Nugent's lot, when found, ought to be made a note of. I am told the stable fancies *Phil May*, and yet I have heard a whisper in favour of *Buckhunter*, a rare plodder, by-the-bye, and a capital jumper.

I, for one, shall be surprised if record is broken in the matter of a large attendance on the Carholme this year, and it is certain that only those who are compelled to remain in the town for the Spring Meeting will do so. The Railway Companies, with commendable promptitude, have arranged convenient specials to take passengers to and from Lincoln daily during the meeting, and I expect these will be well patronised. Very little genuine betting has to be chronicled over the Lincoln Handicap, although, as I mentioned a week or two back, some of the horses have been supported in South Africa, where big books have been opened on the race. The Netheravon best is not likely to be known before the eve of the race. Some writers claim that *Hackler's Pride* is an autumn mare, but history proves that horses who run well in the Cambridgeshire invariably reproduce the

hand, but the horse has yet to return to his two-year-old form. Last year's winner, *Uninsured*, is not out of it with eight stone to carry, yet I do not think the horse would have been sold out of the Netheravon stable if he had been any good. I still cling to my oft-expressed opinion that the race will be won by *Sansovino*, who is



FROM THE FORBIDDEN LAND: A TIBETAN MASTIFF.

The dog shown above belongs to the old breed of Tibetan mastiffs, now very rare. He was bought at Lassa, accompanied the Mission back to India, and is to be brought to England by Major Dougall, of the Carabiniers, his present owner.

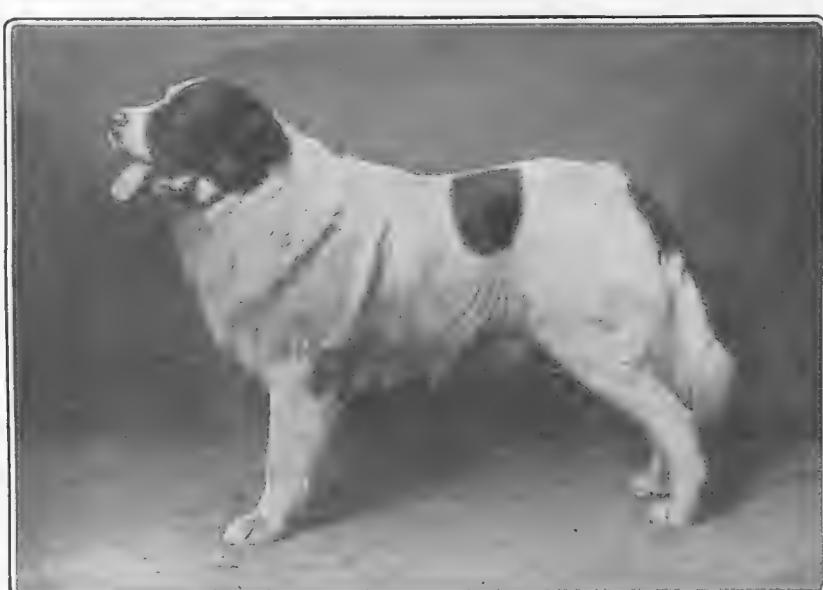
in good work at Newmarket and should come to hand early. *St. Emilion* is very likely to get a place.

Some consternation has been caused in racing circles by the introduction of the Betting Bill, which, I take it, is instituted to get rid of the pavement bookie. As a matter of fact, the little shilling punters have had so much the better of the deal during the last two years as to well-nigh exterminate the layer in the street, and it is computed that nine out of ten of the pavement bookies were hard hit over the double event of last autumn won by *Wargrave* and *Hackler's Pride*. The worst blow the little layers had was when *Victor Wild* won the Jubilee Stakes. Five out of every six of the layers had to compromise with their customers, while those who were able and were honest enough to pay out in full enjoyed the monopoly of the business for years afterwards. When *Childwick* won the Cesarewitch for the late Sir Blundell Maple, he scored at an outside price, and yet all the little punters were on the good thing, with the result that many of the pavement bookies could not settle, and one of the brotherhood had to claim the indulgence of his clients until he had sold some freehold houses he owned in the country. When a favourite owned by a popular man wins a big handicap, the silver layers feel the draught, as they say.

The underwriters at Lloyd's are, to say the least of them, good sportsmen. They will insure anything, from a race-meeting to a racehorse, and I now hear that some of the big double-event bettors have taken out policies on the life of His Majesty the King over the date fixed for the decision of the Grand National; as they, the speculators, have Moifaa in their playful little double. The insurance business in connection with racehorses and race-meetings has been a Leviathan one, and I am told that Lord Marcus Beresford and Mr. W. Allison arrange the greater portion of the insurance of racehorses. I have always held the opinion that race-meetings—at least, the Park meetings—should not be insured, and I have often wondered why the Club-members did not object to the system. When members are called upon to pay their annual subscription, they are assured that so many race-meetings will take place during the year, and it is, therefore, hard on them when, say, half-a-dozen days' racing during the winter are abandoned. True, it is good business for the shareholders when the insurance-money is available, but the presence of the "policy" is a temptation to

Clerks of Courses to abandon meetings when the least doubt about the weather exists. As I have mentioned before, it costs three hundred pounds per day to run an ordinary meeting under National Hunt Rules, and the money wants getting nowadays.

CAPTAIN COE.



A BEAUTIFUL "LANDSEER" NEWFOUNDLAND: THE REV. F. J. EVANS'S WATER-BABY.

Water-Baby has a Show-life that is at present very brief, but it is not likely to be long before he adds to his distinctions. He has already won a first in his class at the Crystal Palace, and he took the championship, a silver challenge-cup, and a silver medal on the same occasion. He was awarded his first prize, championship and medal, at Birmingham, and also had success at the smaller Show at Richmond.

Photograph by Robinson, Guildford.

form in the following spring. *Ypsilanti* has run third for this very race, so he can act on the course. Many of the best judges incline to the opinion that Robinson will supply the winner in *Vedas* or *Newsboy*. The latter is said by the Newmarket men to have at least a stone in

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

BRILLIANT sunshine, the Mediterranean in its bluest mood, and the eternal gaiety of a Latin crowd marked the course of Carnival at Nice last week, even though that gaiety was lessened by the Teuton, who has come, like the motor-car, to stay on the Riviera, for, although English and Americans still linger in the fascinating vicinity of the tables, there is no possible



A FASHIONABLE SPRING COSTUME.

or probable shadow of doubt that the good, solid folk of the Fatherland have begun to discover that life can be very pleasant on the Côte d'Azur. They spread their often ample individualities over the Promenade des Anglais, they invade the smart bonnet-shops of the Place Masséna, and emerge with fairy-like confections perched uneasily on tightly drawn hair and a very circular conformation of skull. The dear, green tables at Monte are as impassable as an Indian stockade, hemmed in four deep with the solid and sensible Saxon, who prefers looking on to punting, in most cases. Altogether, the Riviera is becoming as German as Egypt has become English, and all that one recognises of the old-time aspect of things is the delicious atmosphere and the everlastingly perfect millinery, which surpasses all rivalry and turns a plain woman almost into prettiness by a divinely inspired creation of flowers and feathers.

Talking of hats, the "Marquise" still holds a place in the group of favourite shapes, and a charming example was rendered in gauged mauve tulle, with knots of pale-green velvet and little bunches of pink rosebuds and wallflowers. Large hats are in evidence also, but, of course, the little round *hussier* is the chapeau of the moment. Done in delicate frills of lace or tulle, or the new pale-coloured crinoline straw, it is the very acme of *chic*, and wonderfully becoming to most faces that have any approach to an oval. Giving, as it does, absolutely no shade, this hat is the excuse for parasols in plenty, and many new designs are being daily launched. One that particularly recommends itself is that made in three shaped flounces on the three-decker skirt principle, in chiné silks of plain colours. These are smart and

serviceable. More elaborate versions in lace are also on view at the Monte Carlo shops, the linings of differently coloured chiffon throwing up the patterns effectively.

Since warm weather has made its welcome *entrée* in the South, dresses made entirely of broderie Anglaise, or of that fascinating material mixed with nainsook, are much in evidence on the Terrasse at Monte. Pale-grey muslins over white silk are also fashionable, one worn by Countess Adda Merenberg at the Cannes Carnival having flecks of yellow in the pattern; while another, most daintily trimmed with little knots of pink velvet bébé ribbon in different shades, expressed the last note in elegance.

The whimsical lengths to which fashion will go are now demonstrated by the glorification of the stocking-suspender. Besides performing its allotted task, the garter is now made to carry a powder-puff, a receptacle for bank-notes, and even a little money-bag. It flaunts its decorations in every other shop-window, and is a miracle of chiffon, satin, lace, and engaging frivolity. Another unconsidered, but by no means inconsiderable, trifle is the variety-bag, rendered in gold, and, for choice, embellished with diamonds, which every lady who can feels bound to exhibit in these money-spending regions. It takes the form of a square or oval gold-case to hold cards, powder-puff, and other minutiae of the well-groomed woman's equipment. One just bought by a friend with her winnings at the tables is of platinum and gold inlaid with rubies and diamonds. It cost three hundred pounds, and is a fitting



THE "HIGHWAYMAN" COAT FOR MOTORING.

example of the extravagant atmosphere in which one lives and breathes in this careless, sunlit environment.

Motor-cars rush here and there at the most irresponsible pace, but nobody seems to mind much, not even the villagers, whose wayside habitations are seen through a constant veil of dust, which seldom subsides day or night. The way of the wayfarer along the Corniche Road is undoubtedly hard; but for the motorist it is not

a bed of roses either, and in coming from Marseilles to Monte Carlo last week we did the last part of the journey enveloped in the dust-fog of other rushing vehicles which our valiant and Gallic chauffeur considered it a point of mechanical honour to race and, if possible, to outpace. Viewed as a means of seeing the country, a milder order of going than forty-five kilomètres an hour may be recommended; but to negotiate those endless, straight-cut French roads some excitement seems a necessity, and that was certainly provided us. SYBIL.

THEATRICAL AND GENERAL NOTES.

WHILE the theatrical world, and those concerned with it, are discussing the form which the Shakspere Memorial will take—if, indeed, it takes any form—it cannot fail to be interesting to note that the city of St. Louis, U.S.A., possesses a statue of the Bard, in Tower Grove Park, which is generally regarded as one of the best, if not, indeed, the best, in existence. The figure, which is of bronze, is of more than heroic proportions, being double life-size. It represents the poet standing erect, his right hand holding a quill, and the left on his hip, the arm being partly hidden by the folds of a short cloak. The pedestal is of red granite, in the four sides of which are bronze plaques showing characters from the plays. Falstaff is, curiously enough, in front; the others being Hamlet in the graveyard, Lady Macbeth in the sleep-walking scene, and Queen Catherine about to face her accusers. The only inscription is the famous one of Ben Jonson—"He was not of an age, but for all time." The memorial, which was unveiled in 1878, was the work of Baron von Müller, of Munich, and represents an outlay of over £5000.

The last occasion on which the public will have the opportunity of testifying its appreciation of the work done by Mr. Max Behrend in the cause of dramatic art will be on Monday evening next (20th inst.), for he has been appointed Director of the Municipal Theatre, Mayence. The performance will not, however, be at the Great Queen Street Theatre, but at the Royalty, when "Zwei Wappen," a farcical comedy by Blumenthal and Kadelburg, will be produced, followed by "Abu Said," a one-Act play in which Mr. Behrend will appear. The occasion will be for the benefit of Messrs. Hans Andrensen and Max Behrend, and both the German and English supporters of the German Theatre will, no doubt, make a point of being present to testify their goodwill towards the managers who have worked so loyally and well for their entertainment and amusement.

The programme of the matinée in aid of the Lord Mayor's Fund for the relief of the unemployed of London, which Mr. George Alexander has arranged for the 23rd inst. at the St. James's, will contain many familiar elements of the first importance, in the shape of "The Ballad-Monger," with Mr. Tree as Gringoire; "Dr. Johnson," with Mr. Bourchier in his original part; "'Op o' Me Thumb," with Miss Hilda Trevelyan as Amanda; Miss Winifred Emery and Mr. Cyril Maude as Sir Peter and Lady Teazle in a scene from "The School-for Scandal"; the third Act of "The Freedom of Suzanne," in which Miss Marie Tempest will appear; a scene from "The Taming of the Shrew"; incidental recitations and songs by Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Connie Ediss, Miss Marie Studholme, and Miss Evelyn Millard, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. George Grossmith junior, Mr. Rutland Barrington, and Mr. Hayden Coffin; and an unfamiliar element in a one-Act play called "The Burglar," adapted by Mr. Max Hecht from Octave Mirbeau's "Scrupules," in which Mr. Alexander himself, Mr. Eric Lewis, and Mr. Vivian Reynolds will take part.

Next week the German Emperor and Empress will leave Potsdam and will start, with Prince Eitel Fritz and the Princess Victoria Louise, on a trip in the Mediterranean. The Empress and her children will join the Royal yacht *Hohenzollern* at Genoa, but the Emperor will go out on a German steamer and join them at Naples. On his way out he will visit Portugal and Spain, stopping at Vigo and at Barcelona, where it is expected he will inspect the Numancia Regiment, of which he is the Honorary Colonel. From Naples he will go with his family to Sicily, and, after seeing Greece, will return home by way of Malta.

Paris will have a second Royal visitor this summer, for the Shah of Persia has announced his intention of paying a visit to the French Capital in July, either just before or just after his visit to Contrexéville. The Shah will travel only semi-officially, for not only does he wish to consult the doctors, but he also wishes to see something of Paris in a semi-official way. For this reason, only two State dinners will be given, one by President Loubet and one by M. Delcassé. The Shah will stay at an hotel on the Champs-Elysées, and will occupy the suite of rooms which was taken for him the last time he was in Paris.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company announces a number of special trains in connection with the Folkestone Races next Monday.

During his stay in this country, H.R.H. Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria honoured Messrs. Winsor and Newton's establishment in Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, with a visit.

Messrs. Bewlay and Co., Limited, tobacconists to the Royal Family, of 49, Strand, have been awarded the gold medal for their Flor de Dindigul cigar at the Cape Town Exhibition.

THE DAWN OF A NEW COMMUNITY.

ON the left bank of the River Mersey, not many miles from its mouth, where but yesterday was a stretch of obscure farm-land, unheralded and unsung, now stands the Village of Port Sunlight. Its approach is signalled by tall chimneys, as the masts of a ship give warning of its coming. The rhythmic hum of machinery, the shrill shriek of steam-whistles which summon thousands to their labours or rest, the clatter of incoming or departing trains laden with the product of that busy community for all parts of the globe, have replaced the silent wooing of the soil. No more startling transformation could well be imagined, nor will the most exacting lover of Nature regret the change.

Cheshire, noted for its picturesque towns and hamlets, boasts no more beautiful village than that of Port Sunlight—small wonder it attracts sight-seers from all parts of the world.

Crossing the Mersey in one of its commodious ferries to the Cheshire side of the river, a few minutes' walk brings us within sight of the now famous village, to which prince and statesman, economist and social reformer, have made their pilgrimage in search of information and example. Our first impression

is one of wonderment and pleasure—broad streets avenueed with trees, large open spaces at the intersection of the principal avenues, creeper-clad cottages for the workpeople, with lawn fore-courts and gardens, tastefully designed and representing every variety of English architecture, meet the eye in pleasing harmony. But commodious dwellings at moderate rents, fitted with every need for comfort, sanitary, well-paved streets, leafy nooks, grassy lawns decked in flowers do not exhaust the advantages of the fortunate workers at Port Sunlight. On every hand we see handsome, substantial buildings, planned with care and forethought, to give the residents every variety of entertainment and social life.

The free Schools, which have recently been greatly enlarged, accommodate twelve hundred children.

Gladstone Hall, named after that eminent statesman because it was opened by him in 1891, is constructed to offer the inhabitants facilities for dramatic and musical entertainments, lectures, meetings, &c., and is supplemented by an Open-Air Theatre, the first of its kind in England.

Yet other points of interest are the Village Inn, the only licensed premises on the property, a handsome Swimming Bath, three Gymnasiums, Library, Girls' Club and Restaurant, Men's Club and Bowling Green, &c. The latest addition is a pretty church, with a rich peal of chimes.

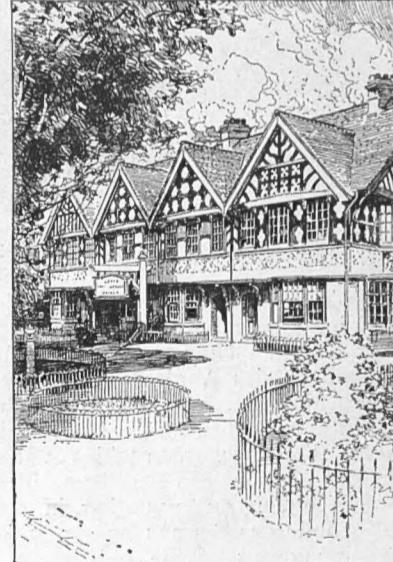
Clubs and societies for mental and physical culture literally abound, and every kind of sport is freely indulged in. Bowls, cricket, tennis, gymnastics, swimming, are all well supported and have reached a high state of efficiency. Music, likewise, flourishes, and a recent concert, given by the Philharmonic Society to a London audience of two thousand people, was a great success; and there is a Temperance organisation, a Boys' Brigade, a Masonic Lodge, to say nothing of the Annual Shows of the Horticultural Society, an old-age-pension Trust provided from the Company's treasury, a newspaper, and prosperous general shop.

Nothing, in fact, seems to have been left undone to make the social life attractive. That all this should be devoted to the making of a commonplace product like soap shows how the prosaic may be made to harmonise with the artistic and beautiful, and what may be done by capital to lighten the lot of labour, with credit and profit to itself; for be it understood that all suggestion of philanthropy is repudiated by the Company as incompatible with the dignity of labour.

Thus closes our brief story of the dawn of a new community, so fraught with example for those companions of production and progress—Labour and Capital.



A MODEL COTTAGE.



THE LEVER FREE LIBRARY AND MUSEUM.

CITY NOTES

The Next Settlement begins on March 28.

CHEAP MONEY.

THE rather unexpected drop in the Bank Rate has had a good effect on the markets, and, despite some nervousness in Paris and Berlin as to the Russian position, Capel Court has been decidedly cheerful. Had the Court of the Bank of England lowered the minimum on March 2, the change would not have been so much in the nature of a surprise; but when, on that occasion, the directors did not see their way to make the reduction, most people expected that the 3 per cent. minimum would be allowed to continue until the beginning of April, and, perhaps, from the nature of things, the markets have been more helped by the unexpected than they would have been if the expected had happened.

Consols are up to nearly 92, and the reduction in the rate allowed on deposits by all the big banks will stimulate the buying of investment stocks, in addition to which it cannot be long before the Rate will be down again, for a 2 per cent. minimum is fairly in sight.

Although Russian disasters make French and German holders uneasy as to their money, this is quite counterbalanced by the fact that, the more decisive the defeat, the stronger grow the hopes of peace.

GOLD-DREDGING IN THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

We hear from the Argentine Republic that the Dredging Companies which are at work, or getting to work, on the Rio San Juan de Oro will, at no distant date, make a stir in the mining world, and, as the information comes from the spot, we have made inquiries, with the result that we are inclined to think there is every prospect of our original correspondent proving correct. Gold-dredging is a profitable industry in New Zealand, where it has been brought to its highest state of efficiency, and on the West Coast there is hope of a considerable success; but nowhere in the world are the conditions so favourable as on the San Juan de Oro River, just over the Argentine border in Bolivia. We have not space to discuss the conditions which make up a successful dredging-river, but they are all present in the district under consideration.

It is said that the river-bed will yield an average of two shillings per cubic yard, which, if true, is a proposition beyond the richest dreams of avarice, when coupled with light ground and no obstacles. Four Companies are starting operations, one of which is an English concern whose home is in Manchester, while the other three are local. The English Company is called the First Rio San Juan de Oro Company, Limited, and for those of our readers who like a mining gamble with every prospect of success, we believe its shares present considerable attractions, although the price is high. The dredgers are in course of erection and will be at work in the months of April or May. It is said that the area of each of the Companies is enough for five or six dredgers to work for at least twenty-five years. There are numerous other local Companies getting to work in the province of Jujuy, such as the Orosmayo Company, and the English community in the country is finding the necessary capital for most of them. Within the next year or eighteen months we expect to hear great things of these dredging concerns.

CANADIANS AND AMERICANS.

For several years past we have hammered away with the prophecy that Canadian Pacifics would top 150. The shares having kindly responded, we advance our price and say that in course of time 160 will be reached. On a 7 per cent. basis, as the earnings of the Company would easily allow the dividend to be placed, Canadas would pay 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the money at 160—a not extravagant estimate of either dividend or quotation. Canadian Pacifics will, no doubt, take Grand Trunks in their train, and we shall be surprised if Trunk Thirds and Ordinary are not taken in hand before long. The character of the market has so changed as to lead us to look for an advance in the price of the Ordinary stock to at least 25.

Americans are the leading speculative market of the moment, with every appearance of maintaining their position in the absence of Kaffir animation. It is contended that, with the termination of the Russo-Japanese struggle, an immense impetus will be given to United States trade. From the nearness of the Republic to Japan, the bulls of Yankees anticipate vast orders, for the recuperation of the country, going to Yankee houses, which would mean the more grist to the railroads and general prosperity all round. With bullish enthusiasm rising to so great a height in the American market, it sounds jeremiaca to utter a note of warning, but, while admitting that prices look like going better, we are fain to add that some are ridiculously inflated.

COMMERCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

Although business in the Miscellaneous Market still revolves on a few popular pivots, such as Hudson's Bay, Anglo "A," Deccans, and the Pekin Syndicate trio, there are many evidences of a broadening of the base of business amongst Industrial securities generally. Perhaps the least encouraging department of the many into which this market is divided is that devoted to Brewery stocks, for some of these last are quite unsaleable, even at the lowest prices quoted in the Stock Exchange Official List. But in other sections the tone is much healthier, as is witnessed by the constant advances in such issues as telegraph, electric-lighting, and traction descriptions. Lyons, of course, have strengthened upon the Company's supersession of Spiers and Pond on the Chatham and Dover Railway, and Slaters are also an advancing market, with good prospects for the future. We regard Vickers as a sound investment of their kind, enjoying a very fair outlook for a rise of five to ten shillings a share. Of Richard Hills we wrote last week; at a shade under fifteen shillings, this little Wire Company will probably pay handsome profits, although it must be remembered that the last interim dividend was passed. There should be a sharp advance in textile shares at the end of the Far Eastern struggle, for Japan is likely to send such orders as will keep the manufacturing districts employed for months. As a lock-up, we believe there are not many better things than Buenos Ayres National Tramways First Preference "A" shares, upon which long arrears of dividend have been piled up that, if our information prove correct, will be paid before long, perhaps to the tune of £5 per share. The matter deserves looking-out by the speculative investor, and the price of the shares is about 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ as we write.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

Inasmuch as it was raining fairly hard, Our Stroller thought he had better remain in his Club a little longer before making his way Citywards.

One of the members was running the tape through his fingers. He seemed more particularly interested in the American sections.

"Any change?" our friend asked him, as he lit a cigarette.

"Change? Good, as usual," and the fellow threw down the tape with a gesture of disgust.

"Sold them lower down, eh?" and The Stroller flicked the ash off his cigarette into the wicker-basket by the side of the machine.

"Like a fool, yes. Who'd have thought that Baltimore and Union would have romped up like this?"

A boy in uniform brought him a message that he was wanted at the telephone.

Our Stroller picked up the tape, and noticed how much cheaper Irish stock was than Consols.

The other member returned

and kicked savagely at a little table which got into his path.

"My brokers," he explained, curtly. "They say Yankees are blazing good and think they will go better."

The Stroller looked interrogative.

"Yes, I did," he answered the unspoken question. "Thought I'd better cut the loss and go a bull."

Our friend dropped the tape and walked across to the window. "It's left off raining. I think I shall go down to the City," he remarked.

"I'm going that way," replied the other. "Come in my cab."

They parted at the entrance to Throgmorton Street, with mutual promises to compare tips later on.

"We keep this kind of thing up till eight o'clock at night sometimes," a jobber told a broker, as the latter pointed to the seething crowd in Shorter's Court.

"All making your fortunes, I suppose?"

"Doing better than some of the fellows in the Kaffir Market, anyway," and The Jobber caught hold of another man's arm with an inquiry as to what he wanted.

Our Stroller was still a bull of the shares he had bought the last time he came down Throgmorton Street. "Got a nice little profit now," he soliloquised. "Wonder whether I ought to take it?"

As if in answer to his unspoken inquiry, a bystander began to scoff at someone who had evidently cast doubts upon the market's staying power.

The decided way in which the speaker expressed continued confidence in a rise met with approval from several others.

"Shan't sell them yet," thought Our Stroller to himself. "These good traffics and all this demand for investments in the States that those Johnnies were talking about—well, they can't do Yankees any harm, I should think."

As he emerged from Shorter's Court, he met a little group discussing some point in highly animated fashion.

"If the First Prefs. are worth anything like their present price, Seconds must be ridiculously cheap."

"Trunks, I suppose," thought The Stroller.



THE RIVER SAN JUAN DE ORO, WHERE DREDGING FOR GOLD IS ABOUT TO START.

"But Firsts don't get their full dividend yet," objected another in the group. "They may come down fairly smartly, you know."

"Can't be Trunks, I should think," The Stroller ruminated.

"Mexican properties are going better all round, and Mex. Seconds look to me the pick of the bunch."

"Better than Mex. Central 'B'?"

"They are high enough, whatever the *Times* may say about them."

"Perhaps; shall we all go and buy Mex. Seconds?" And off they moved towards the West-End, leaving The Stroller stranded.

He walked along under the wooden portico and thought of the streets of Berne. One end was blocked by a little posse of Kaffir dealers.

"They don't look extraordinarily happy," remarked The Stroller, aloud. A man sitting on one of the wooden railings turned round sharply.

"What is there to make us happy?" he demanded. "Nothing to do, nothing to hope for, nothing to—"

"Drink?" laughed a man standing near. "What's the matter now?"

"Here's a fellow complains that we don't look happy."

The Stroller stammered an embarrassed apology. He is a very nervous man, much handicapped by a schoolboy habit of thinking aloud.

"Don't you mind what he says," somebody advised him, with easy familiarity. "We are the reverse of miserable, although hungry."

"But there's no end to the hunger that I can see," persisted the pessimist.

"The Kaffir Market's in a baddish way." And the speaker shook his head lugubriously.

"Can't see what's going to make them better."

"Nor I. People are all too jolly well sick of Kaffirs to gamble in them again in a hurry."

Several men were talking now, and the discussion became general.

"Rhodesians will redeem everything," said one, grandiloquently.

"Rot!" was the polite rejoinder. "I don't believe in the Rhodesian Market one little bit."

"Not Banks or Rho. Ex.?"

"Neither. The shops can do what they like with the prices, and what's the use of that to the public, I'd like to know?"

There was a little chorus of confirmation.

"It's hopeless to expect much from any kind of Kaffirs for a bit. In time, they will come again."

"In time!" and the speaker's tone was witheringly sarcastic. "Take the Outcrop shares. They pay you anything between 4 and 6 per cent., without allowing for redemption, and they've got lives of a similar number of years."

"What about the Deep Levels?"

"The dividend-payers return 3, 4, or 5 per cent. Five per cent. at the outside. Call that good enough?"

"They will be doubling their outputs before long."

"And thereby halving their lives."

"Heavens!" cried a jobber, from the rear. "Aren't we getting fearfully scientific!"

Our Stroller slipped quietly away. "I wonder," said he to himself, "if all this deadness in the Kaffir Market is due to us all getting 'scientific'?"

Saturday, March 11, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

MORRIS.—The Cold Storage looks very hopeless. Ever is a long day, but we think it is more likely to collapse than to pay.

N. S. W.—Both the suggestions you make are reasonable purchases. As to the Mines Trust we know nothing, except that it does not seem hopeful.

BASSALEG.—We never give an opinion on the shares of this Company. Decency forbids, as you will see if you think for a moment.

T. N. (Japan).—Your letter has been handed over to the Publishing Department. You will, no doubt, get an answer.

S. A. R.—No accounts are procurable, and we have no means of judging of the real state of affairs. If the shares were our own, we should not sell them at this moment. A meeting has been called, at which you will hear the Directors' explanations.

C. V. G.—We wrote to you on the 8th inst.

RIPON.—(1) The Venture Corporation Office is 3, Prince's Street, London, E.C. (2) The nominal value is one pound. (3) We believe the Achilles has been reconstructed, under the title of the Transvaal Gold Consols, and that the other two exist. They are all bad debts not worth bothering about.

J. L.—There are no outside brokers that we would trust. They all run stock against clients, and, if things go badly, most of them fail to pay, plead the Gambling Act, and get out.

LIMESTONE.—It all depends on the order that was made by the Court. Communicate with the liquidator, and point out that you have paid more than the amount which others have paid, allowing for the return of capital. We expect that your interest in the Company was wiped out; but you should ask about it, and, if the liquidator says it was so, require him to show you the order. Consult a solicitor who understands Company Law. It is worth fighting for.

GAMMA.—We have fully answered your letters.

C. (Hampstead).—We know very little of the Company. Its shares are not dealt in, and cannot see much attraction in them with competition as keen as it is.

FREDERICK (Queenstown).—Spread your money between (1) Central Bahia Railway Trust "A" certificates, (2) Gas Light and Coke Ordinary, (3) Welsbach Preference, (4) River Plate Gas, (5) Henry Clay Debentures, (6) United States Debenture Corporation Preference stock. Vickers Preference are reasonably safe, but yield only 4 per cent.

ANXIOUS.—(1) We never heard the so-called Bank had any standing. It is a bill of sale, 30 per cent. money-lending affair. (2) Supposed losses over underwriting cargoes of coal or ships bound to Vladivostok.

We are asked to state that no tenders for the surrender of Debenture Stock in the *Illustrated London News* and *Sketch*, Limited, above 94½ have been accepted.

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